

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

Histoire philosophique du règne de Louis XV. Par le COMTE DE TOCQUEVILLE. Paris.

[*Philosophical History of the reign of Louis XV.* By COUNT DE TOCQUEVILLE. Two volumes.]

This work, according to the unanimous opinion of all persons capable of forming a judgment, is one of the most valuable which has issued from the press of France for a long time. A brief but copious narrative of the political events which occurred during the reign of Louis XV. serves as frame-work for a picture of the moral and social condition of France during the period between the death of Louis XIV. and that of his successor. The author has neglected no single element of that confused state of affairs which then existed; he describes events and judges men, but always with the avowed design of explaining the great revolution which brought the eighteenth century to a close. Mr. de Tocqueville is a fitting person to undertake this task, since he was himself an eye-witness of some remnants of the system which was overturned in 1789. For it is a mistaken idea which has been circulated in several journals, that the author is the same Count de Tocqueville who has gained a reputation by his work upon North America. The latter is the son of the author of the History of Louis XV. In the month of December, 1793, the same prison contained Mr. de Malesherbes, his daughter and son-in-law, the President Rosambo, his son, his two daughters and his two sons-in-law, Mr. de Tocqueville and Mr. de Chateaubriand. The guillotine spared only Mr. de Tocqueville and his wife.

Mr. de Tocqueville very justly remarks, that "in order to comprehend the new state of things thoroughly, it is useful, nay almost necessary, to have seen something of the ancien régime. After a revolution which shook so many foundations, which excited so many passions, old age offers many advantages to an author who desires to draw the picture of a period of time not very remote from his own. With the number of his years increases also his knowledge of the human heart. Become a stranger to the things which are agitating the world, he contemplates them with impartiality. His prejudices have disappeared under the mighty influence of events; and in seizing the pen he has no other aim but

to do homage to truth and thus to instruct mankind."

The work is especially distinguished by its masterly sketches of conspicuous characters; by its fund of anecdotes, which, when carefully selected, form the most expressive feature of historical pictures; and by that tone of sad earnestness which is so well adapted to the description of a period in which the spirit was sowing storms, and the lust of pleasure the seeds of fearful woe. We extract the following passage, which describes the last hours of Cardinal Dubois.

"God is patient, because he is eternal. He had permitted the elevation of the impudent favorite, the shameless type of an era of degeneration. But no sooner had the ambitious man reached the highest pinnacle of power, than his heart became a prey to the tortures of hell. The burden of public business which he had undertaken exhausted his strength; those who envied him, and foremost among them the ministers who were under his orders, added, with crafty calculation, to the difficulties of his position. Weariness and disquiet seized upon him, dread of the future gnawed at his heart. Writings which were found after his death, testify of the excited state of his mind and of the dark visions which disturbed his spirit. The thought that he should soon be compelled to resign the greatness for which he had sacrificed all, filled him with inexpressible agony. With terror he felt the approach of death. Dubois was afflicted with an internal tumor; he insisted upon mounting on horseback that he might be present at a review, and enjoy the distinctions and honors with which, its prime minister, he would be received. The gratification of his childish vanity aggravated his complaints; symptoms of a cancer ensued, and an operation was considered necessary. When he was informed of this, he broke into the most violent passion, but was persuaded by the Duke of Orleans to submit to the operation, which, however, had no good result, but rather hastened his end. When a bystander observed that it was time that he should reconcile himself to God, his rage knew no bounds. This burst of passion exhausted his strength, and before the arrival of the priest who was sent for, he expired."

Such was the end of this minister. Ability in negotiation, firmness in counsel, energy in action,—these qualities he certainly possessed; but he wished to do every thing at once, and lost himself in details without being able to unravel complicated affairs. He was frequently seen to throw into the fire large heaps of uno-

pened letters; coarse and unmannered, the least opposition made him furious, and at such moments he tore about his office like a madman. "Keep another clerk to do your swearing and cursing for you," replied his secretary, to whom he complained for want of time. The want of confidence which was caused by his dishonesty, and the contempt with which he was regarded, did most injury to his administration. After his death, France rejoiced to be liberated from the dishonorable yoke which had been laid upon her. The Duke of Orleans made use of, but did not love him; when a storm arose on the day of the operation, he exclaimed aloud, "this weather may play the deuce with my rascal;" and when soon afterwards he recalled those who had been banished, he wrote to Nocé, "reviens, mon ami, morte la bête, mort le venin."

Mr. de Tocqueville sketches the Regent in the following words: "We have done justice to the brilliant qualities of the Duke of Orleans; but there is a merited reproach which will for ever rest upon his memory; he corrupted the nation, and lowered it in the opinion of foreign countries. The French could not pardon his selfish submission to the will of England and the injury which he did to Spain. He was indebted to the firmness of Cardinal Dubois and to the habits of subordination introduced by Louis XIV. for the obedience and the peace of France. His friends lamented him on account of his easy good-nature, but the people received the tidings of his death with indifference. They thought that in his sudden death they saw the hand of God, who would not give to the guilty man any time for repentance. The two parties which divided the Church accused him, the one of indifference, the other of tyranny. The army was discontented because he was too weak to be able to reward merit. Many citizens reproached him with the loss of their savings, the ruin of their property. Sorrow for his death vanished at the recollection of the morality which he had corrupted and the vice of which he had made a show. Succeeding generations, which were to reap the fruits of the seeds sown by the Duke of Orleans, judged him no less severely. In corrupting the higher classes of the state, this prince was undermining their authority and preparing their downfall."

The state, such as Louis XIV. had formed it by his internal policy, was no longer the individual; but still he was a king, supported against his people by a brilliant nobility, and a wealthy and subservient church. This was the constitution which he left to France; a constitution which was, at least, a skilful work, since it survived its creator by nearly a century, although from the very first hour of its existence it was exposed to all the infirmities of which it con-

tained the germs. The condition of the duration of such a state of things was the approval of public opinion; for public opinion was the source of all its greatness. King, nobility, and church derived their power from a purely moral influence. As soon as royalty sinned against itself, and the nobility exercised its privileges in gross abuses, and the clergy by the immorality of her dignitaries polluted the altar, the system was doomed, and the building no longer any thing but a tottering framework. This three-fold calamity happened under Louis XV. It had certainly been prepared by the preceding government, but the dignity which Louis XIV. displayed, even in his extravagances, opposed a barrier, though it was but an artificial one, to a general corruption of morals. It was under the Regent and his minister, Dubois, that vice was first paraded at the foot of the throne, and even upon the throne itself.

The work of M. de Tocqueville contains a striking description of the corrupt manners which had extended their influence over all the higher grades of society. The author has done well to strip the details which he has laid before us of those charms with which French writers know but too well how to adorn vice. With a vigorous pen he draws a picture of the revolting immorality of the epoch. It is most melancholy to see how corruption gained the mastery over the young king, and stifled the few noble sentiments which the culpable mismanagement of his early education had left yet remaining. The whole responsibility of the failure of this royal life falls upon the egotistical skill of Cardinal Fleury, who might have saved the youthful sovereign. One half of the pains which the Duke of Beauvilliers bestowed upon his father, would have made of him a great prince. A striking anecdote is related by a Turk, Mehemed Effendi. The ambassador of the Sublime Porte had been presented to the young king; "As soon as he saw me he hastened to meet me, and a few assurances of friendship passed between us; he was delighted with our dress and our daggers. The Marshal Villeroi asked me, 'What do you think of the beauty of our king? He is only eleven years and a half old. What do you think of his figure? see, this is his own hair.' At these words he turned the king round, and I took notice of his hair, which descended to his waist. 'He has also a very good carriage,' added the Marshal; 'walk a few steps,' he said to the king. And the king walked across the room with the strut of a bantam cock. 'Now a little faster,' ordered the marshal, 'in order to show how gracefully you run.' And the king began to run through the room."

The clergy plunged, without a blush, into the

whirlpool of immorality. It seemed as if they had resolved to draw down hatred and contempt upon the church, and the court offered them every opportunity for the purpose. The rich benefices were bestowed without the least regard to merit, and the most shameless demoralization prevailed among Episcopal ranks, which, even under Louis XIV. had included many who were the ornaments of their station. "An immoral clergy is always intolerant; it thinks to conceal the looseness of its morals by the strictness of its doctrine; it is severe because it is not Christian." No epoch proves the truth of these words more clearly than the eighteenth century. The persecutions of the Jansenists and Protestants are well known.

The author has not neglected to inquire in what manner these causes of the destruction of the monarchical state of society wrought upon public opinion, and he has explained from them the violent character and the fertile influence of the literature of that age. He shows us how that literature was easily enabled to draw hatred and contempt upon institutions which were dishonored by the vices of those very classes and persons whose mission it was to defend them, by making them venerable in the eyes of the people. But this explanation does not induce him to look with favor upon the philosophers of the eighteenth century. He brings a twofold accusation against them. They lowered, he says, in their writings the nation in its own eyes, and thus the French ceased to respect themselves; and, instead of enlightening, they demoralized the people. It was, in his opinion, for this reason that the revolution failed to accomplish its original purpose of improving the human race. As to the first part of this accusation, we are disposed to undertake the defence of the philosophy, when we read in the book of the author himself into what a depth of moral degradation France had fallen, and how impossible it was that it could heal its own wounds. But it is unjust to charge the philosophers with the bad education of the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century. Upon whom falls the responsibility of the education of a people, and from whom had the philosophers themselves received their education? M. de Tocqueville has answered this question, with equal impartiality and ability, in denouncing the bad spirit which governed the clergy, and the immorality of the prelates of the church. And yet the author, not contented with these causes, which are more than sufficient to account for the facility with which unbelief and irreligion spread their poison through society, does not scruple to charge the reformation with the skepticism which seized upon the people:—"So long as the reformation was militant, it con-

firmed rather than shook the religious principle; both parties clung fast to the convictions for which they risked their lives. But when peace had followed upon the din of arms, the reformation divided into a number of sects, each of which professed to be the organ of heaven, and the expression of truth. Out of this chaos doubt could not but arise, and out of doubt unbelief."

It is not our intention to refute this catholic argumentation; we would only observe that if de Tocqueville is right, the most irreligious writers of the eighteenth century ought to have issued from the reformed church. This however was not the case; for those numerous enemies, who with Voltaire at their head, made war upon Christianity, had for the most part forged the weapons with which they fought in the college of Jesuits; while almost all the writers who protested against the infidel doctrines of the age, belonged to the party of the reformation. Rousseau himself was indebted to Calvin for that spiritualism with which he contended so vehemently against the materialism of his enemies; Euler, Haller, Abauzit, Charles Bonnet, were not born within the pale of the Catholic church. We regret that even Mr. de Tocqueville has not been able to divest himself of this often refuted error respecting the consequences of the reformation.

We regret, likewise, that Mr. de Tocqueville has adopted another erroneous opinion; namely, that Voltaire is indebted to Bayle for his scepticism, and that Bayle derived it from the reformation. This question ought to be more narrowly examined, and Mr. de Tocqueville is fully equal to the task; but this is the weak point of his book, that, with regard to the influence of the literature of the age, he has not formed an independent judgment, but has relied too much upon the opinions of his predecessors.

That we do regret that the author has not given us on this subject the result of his own views and inquiries, in preference to that of the writers, however distinguished they may be, from whom he quotes, is a sufficient evidence of the high esteem in which we hold the soundness of his judgment. We cannot forbear to transcribe the admirable remarks with which he concludes:

"Thus advanced the movement which so many different causes had provoked. The philosophers, by dint of crying down the nation in their writings had made Frenchmen ashamed of themselves. All the various parties in the nation appeared to be agreed upon the destruction of the old social order. It was very clear that important changes would take place at an uncertain period, but which would not be very distant; and it was at the approach of a storm which would shake the very foundations of the state, that philosophical pride sought to exalt itself in attacking heaven. In this manner the

bridle of conscience was broken, and the great name of God, which would have moderated the violence of the passions which every revolution excites, was blotted out. Hence it came that the legitimate conquests of liberty were soon followed by the deadly combats of empty ideas, in which those of the greater number, which gained the victory, were polluted by the blood of the conquered. Other nations will make political changes similar to ours, but they will be preserved from the same violences, because they will have retained religious sentiments.

"Louis XV. leaves royalty sullied. At his

death the people rejoices, the enlightened congratulate each other. The vices of the sovereign had made an incurable wound in the heart of the people. Neither the virtues of Louis XVI., nor the glory acquired in the American war, nor France raised into the first rank of nations, nor the love which the king bears to his people, nor the liberal institutions which he grants to them, can heal that wound; and the stains upon the crown will only be washed out in the blood of the just, ascending to heaven by the steps of the scaffold." — *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung*.

CHARTISM.

The events of the past month have brought prominently into notice a principle concerning which it is not too much to say that, up to the 10th of April last, few persons not immediately pledged to its support entertained any distinct idea. If you asked my Lord Verisoft or the Duke of Bidborough what he supposed Chartism to be, he would stare in your face and reply that really he had never given the subject a thought. Put the same question to any of our younger and busier nobles, and he would express his extreme regret that such a wild project had ever been started, because nothing was so likely to impede him in his efforts to better the condition of the laboring classes. Vary your question a little, and beg the London tradesman to inform you on the subject of a Chartist, his position and wishes, and you would be told that he was a vagabond, who loved to attend public meetings in Trafalgar Square, and to get drunk and break windows when the farce was ended. The manufacturer, to be sure, knows more about the class, and takes a fairer estimate. He has over and over again met Chartism face to face, and is aware that of the persons whom he employs four fifths profess to believe in it. Perhaps he has some lurking consciousness too, that in his next great struggle with the aristocracy he may have to call in the aid of this new political influence, and therefore, although if he reason upon it he must regard it with much dread, yet in the meantime he cannot help treating it with a sort of respect.

As for the Chartists themselves, he has a divided opinion regarding them. A good Chartist — one who has not forgotten that he desires to be a citizen, — who believes that he has certain rights, and who wishes to advance peaceably and lawfully to their attainment — such a man he respects, because he knows his value. He finds in him a good workman in ordinary times, and a fast friend, though a sturdy stickler for

justice, in bad times, or during a strike. A bad Chartist — one who is insolent, turbulent, and discontented by nature, and a leveller on principle — he finds from experience to be the worst class of man he has to deal with. With such a man he can have no relations, no sympathy. He employs him as a matter of justice, but he dreads his evil influence, and not the least because he is a frequenter of the gin-shop.

A newspaper reporter's idea of a Chartist is, that every pickpocket, and every drunken man, who is taken up immediately before or after a public meeting of the working classes, is a Chartist, and he puts it in his paper accordingly.

A newspaper editor knows nothing of Chartism, because he has to deal with the actual and not with the abstract. As the Historian of the Day, he is compelled to know something about Chartists; but as he believes them to be a class of persons who cannot afford to pay five pence for a newspaper, he either affects contempt for them, or abuses them heartily for the amusement of those who can.

If you put the question, What is Chartism? to a French journalist, or a German republican, you will get a view of it altogether different from any of the foregoing. Penetrated to saturation with democratic feeling, such persons ascribe to the working classes of England the same sentiments which possess themselves.

They, therefore, look upon the Charter as the new code of English liberty; and not understanding the English practice of slow and steady progress, they imagine that this new order of things has only to be announced in order to be adopted. For this reason, they cannot understand why there was not a complete revolution in England early in the last month. They expected that there would be an universal rising of the working millions against those whom they would term their tyrants; and they look upon the English Chartists as a set of spi it-

less fellows for not having put their tyrants down.

Lastly, let us put the question to three political classes.

What says the Radical? Just at present very little, because he is anxious to be regarded as "respectable," and is mortally afraid of being identified with vagabonds, pickpockets, or armed breakers of the law. A few years ago he was not so squeamish. He has forgotten, in sundry recent alliances with the commercial aristocracy, that he, too, ten years ago, was a Chartist—nay, that he was one of those who actually originated the movement.

A Tory has a natural respect for a Chartist. A Tory admires straightforwardness—he likes to know with what he has to deal. The Chartist, thus far, meets him face to face, and with more feelings of respect than he entertains for Whigs or Radicals. The Tory, too, remembers the old bonds of affection between the gentry and the laboring classes, and that the first seeds of disunion were sown by Whigs and other sham friends of the people, who desired the strong arm of the masses for the purpose of intimidating their rivals. The Tory understands Chartism, and is prepared to grapple with it on its merits. For Chartists he feels a certain degree of political kindliness, for he remembers that in many a contest between Tories and Whigs, or Tories and Radicals, the Chartist electors have ranged on his side, preferring a manly enemy to a false friend.

We are almost afraid to interpret the feelings of the Whigs on this subject. They have mercilessly abandoned their own illegitimate offspring. Never were men more deluded than the working classes were deluded by the Whig leaders during the Reform agitation. Their disappointment, and consequent exasperation, gave birth to those preposterous political demands which are embodied in the "People's Charter." The Whigs avert their faces from the monster they have thus evoked, which is naturally, we are inclined to believe, a mild, well-meaning monster, not at all disposed needlessly to put forth brute strength. But its unnatural parents have pursued towards it a course which is the refinement of cruelty. They have stung it to exasperation by neglect, unkindness, and calumny, that it might break out into some acts of violence, and so they might have an excuse for crushing it. Because, some eighteen years ago, the Whigs, in order to seize upon the Government, made promises and held out hopes to the working classes which they knew could not be fulfilled, they are now obliged to plunge still deeper into political crime in order to cover themselves. Purposely confounding the honest

and peaceful advocates of what is called the "People's Charter" with some silly demagogues on the one hand, and the thieves and vagabonds of the metropolis on the other, they hope that in the general panic the public will confound them also. The Duke of Wellington and the 200,000 special constables have been their tools on the occasion. They nobly aided in the preservation of order; but because on that occasion the Whig Government did their duty as the High Police of the empire, that is no reason why they should be allowed to escape the consequences of their former misdeeds. It is perfectly natural, however, that the Whigs should hate the Chartists with an excessive hatred.

It was natural that the events of the last few weeks should have induced a strong curiosity in many quarters regarding the principle and its advocates, which succeeded, at least for one day, in throwing the mighty heart of London into a fever. And not being less anxious than our neighbours to see through the results, we set ourselves in earnest to prosecute inquiries, of which we now propose to give an account.

It seems, then, from the best information we can procure, that the "People's Charter" originated with a society called *The London Working Men's Association*, which was established in June, 1836. The objects of this association are set forth in an address published at the time, and made its appeal to "the fellow-laborers" of the writers "in the pursuit of knowledge and liberty." After expressing their desire to make the principles of democracy as respectable in practice as they are just in theory, by excluding the drunken and immoral from their ranks, they go on to say, that when they contend for an equality of political rights, it is not in order to lop off an unjust tax or useless pension, or to get a transfer of wealth, power, or influence, for a party; but to be able to probe the social evils of the country to their source, and to apply effective remedies to prevent, instead of unjust laws to punish. They urge the avoidance, by every possible means, of holding meetings at public-houses, in the belief that habits and associations are too often formed at these places which mar the domestic happiness and destroy the political usefulness of millions. They recommend the people to meet at each others houses—they urge punctuality in their attendance, as best contributing to union and improvement; and, as an essential requisite, the seeking to obtain a select library of books, choosing those first which would best inform them of their political and social rights. They suggest that, as far as their means will enable them, study should be blended with recreation; and that they should indulge in any rational

amusement (unassociated with the means of intoxication) calculated to soothe their anxieties and alleviate their toils.

The fairer portion of creation, it seems, are not to be excluded from this care. The working men go on to say, that they know not of any means more efficient to compass their object, than to enlist the sympathies and quicken the intellects of their wives and children to a knowledge of their rights and duties; for as, in the absence of knowledge, they are the most formidable obstacles to a man's patriotic exertions, so, when imbued with it, they will prove his first auxiliaries. They recommend the political and moral instruction of wives and children, and their participation in the pleasures as well as in the cares of their position. They believe, that thus instructed, their wives will spurn, instead of prompting them to accept a base election bribe; that their sons will scorn to wear the livery of tyrants; and that their daughters will be doubly fortified against the thousand ills to which the children of poverty are exposed.

This association was the parent of many similar associations throughout the country, the object of all of them avowedly being to educate the working classes in a correct knowledge of their position and rights; while, by the same process, they should be prepared for the exercise of political privileges should they, at some future period, be able to satisfy their fellow-countrymen of their fitness to exercise them. If intentions could guarantee acts, or the present control the future, there would be no good ground of objection to the great majority of schemes for the improvement or regeneration of mankind, because it is very seldom that such plans are not originated by a very high order of motives. In this point of view nothing could be more legitimate than the Working Men's Association, considered as a basis for future movements. The number of similar societies formed in different parts of the kingdom extended to several hundreds.

But to come to the Charter itself. The first step towards the conception and production of this document was taken on the 28th of February, 1837. A public meeting was called on that day at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, where a petition was agreed to, which was signed by three thousand persons. This petition was drawn up by Mr. William Lovett. It set forth the defects of the existing representative system, according to the notions of the petitioners. It complained that property, and not numbers, should be the basis of the representation; that while the whole population of Great Britain and Ireland was at that time about 24,000,000, the males above twenty-one being 6,000,000, the number of registered electors was only 800,000.

They further complained that 331 members, being a majority of the House of Commons, were returned by 151,492 registered electors, which was in the proportion of one elector to every 40 male adults. The petitioners further analyze the representation, and say, that 15 members of the House are returned by less than 200 electors each, 55 by less than 300, 99 by less than 400, 121 by less than 500, 159 by less than 600, 196 by less than 700, 214 by less than 800, 240 by less than 900, and 256 by less than 1000; many of these small constituencies being divided between two members. The petitioners went on to complain that, in the House of Commons there were 205 persons immediately or remotely related to peers of the realm; that the House contained 1 marquis, 7 earls, 19 viscounts, 32 lords, 25 right honorables, 52 honorables, 63 baronets, 13 knights, 3 admirals, 7 lord-lieutenants of counties, 42 deputy or vice-lieutenants, 1 general, 5 lieutenant-generals, 9 major-generals, 32 colonels, 33 lieutenant-colonels, 16 majors, 49 captains in army and navy, 19 lieutenants, 2 cornets, 58 barristers, 3 solicitors, 40 bankers, 33 East India proprietors, 52 placemen, and 114 patrons of 274 church livings; that out of the whole House of Commons there were only 34 members who called themselves Radicals, of whom, the petitioners said, it was questionable whether 10 could be found who were truly the representatives of the wants and wishes of the producing classes.

One pennyworth of bread alone to all this sack!

The petitioners proposed, as a remedy for these alleged evils, Equal Representation by Electoral Districts, Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, No Property Qualification, Vote by Ballot, and Payment of Members.

This was the germ of the "People's Charter."

Mr. Roebuck had been selected to present this petition to parliament; and, by his advice, a meeting was called by the Working Men's Association at the British Coffee-House, in Cockspur street, in, we think, the June following. To this meeting were invited all those members of parliament who were supposed to be favorable to Universal Suffrage. At this meeting there attended Mr. O'Connell, M. P., Mr. Hume, M. P., Mr. Hindley, M. P., Dr. Bowring, M. P., Lieutenant-colonel Thompson, M. P., Mr. Sharman Crawford, M. P., and Mr. Leader, M. P.

The originators of this meeting declared, that they were the more inclined to take some practical step in favor of Radicalism, from the frequent disappointments the cause had experienced. They had heard, they said, eloquent effusions in favor of political equality, from the hustings and the senate-house, suddenly change

into prudent reasonings on property privileges, at the winning smile of the minister. They had seen bright patriotic promises of the future, depicted in language which had left impressions more lasting than the perfidy or apostasy of the writers. They had seen one zealous Reformer after another desert them as his party was triumphant, or his interests served. They had perceived the tone of those whom they had held as champions of the cause of liberty, lowered to the accommodation of selfish electors, or restrained by the slavish fear of losing their seats. They therefore resolved to test the sincerity of the remainder, by proposing that something should be done in favor of those principles which they professed to admire. From all this it is evident that the working men knew the slippery persons with whom they had to deal.

This non-juring test appears to have been applied with success; for, after two nights' discussion, resolutions were agreed to, which those members of parliament signed, and which were afterwards signed by Mr. Wakley, Mr. J. Feilden, and Mr. D. W. Harvey, pledging them to bring in and support a bill for Universal Suffrage, and the other points contended for by the people. By another resolution it was ordered that such bill should be drawn up by Messrs. O'Connell, Roebuck, Leader, Hindley, Thompson, and Crawford, members of parliament, and by Messrs. Lovett, Hetherington, Cleave, Watson, Moore, and Vincent, working men. After considerable delay, arising from the death of William IV., the dissolution of parliament, the engagements of Mr. Roebuck, and other causes, the bill was ultimately prepared. We have looked it over with some care. It is quite as workmanlike a production as any act of parliament. If the Thesigers and the Jervises, the Romillys and the Wortleys, with their "devil" satellites, had been employed to make a simple proposition unintelligible to nine out of ten of those who are to be bound by the law, and to complicate all the details so as to make them extremely useful for the purposes of the legal profession, they could not have succeeded more effectually than the framers of this ambitious piece of prospective legislation. However, it is a very respectable production, that is to say, as compared with other legislative formulæ.

So much for the solemn inauguration of this singular movement. In reference to the popular notions of Chartism and the Chartists, we have made the most diligent search in contemporary records, and we do not find that, on their return to their several homes from the British Hotel, in Cockspur street, any of the Chartists there assembled, either Messrs. O'Connell, Hume, Hindley, Bowring, Thompson, Crawford, and Leader,

members of parliament, or Messrs. Lovett, Hetherington, Cleave, Watson, Moore, and Vincent, working men, amused themselves by picking the pockets of the passers-by, or breaking the windows of the tradesmen's shops or clubs at the West End.

The proceedings of the early Chartists seem to have been methodical enough. As soon as the outline of the bill was completed, copies were sent to the different Working Men's Associations and Radical Associations throughout the country. By them many suggestions were made, some of which were adopted; and the whole was accepted as a kind of rallying point for the different Radicals of all shades of opinion. Among others, the Birmingham Political Union, which had hitherto advocated household suffrage, declared for universal suffrage. These men of Birmingham form a distinct class, supporting the Chartists but not identified with them. They are very numerous, but their practical usefulness is much impaired in consequence of their being imbued with those notions on the currency which Mr. Attwood has spent his life in promulgating.

It was very natural that the working classes should eagerly seize on the Charter. A more seductive proposition could not well be made to them. It was accepted by them at large public meetings, among others, at a meeting of two hundred thousand Radicals at Holloway Head, near Birmingham, Mr. Attwood, M. P., in the chair. There was also a great meeting at Aberdeen, and another at Glasgow. Similar meetings were held in different parts of the country. The first public meeting held in London in favor of the Charter took place in Palace Yard. It was convened by a requisition of electors of Westminster, and the high-bailiff of Westminster was in the chair. From this meeting may be dated the commencement of a great schism between two sections of the Chartists. The first movers were unquestionably men who desired to carry their object, however extreme in itself, by peaceful and constitutional means. They took effectual steps to impress these views on their followers and on the public, and it may reasonably be expected, that had the cause of the people in this respect been advocated from the first in the same spirit, it would have made much greater progress with the rest of the community. Mr. Feargus O'Connor, the present M. P. for Nottingham, is the person upon whom the blame of interrupting this process is principally cast. O'Connell dreaded allowing him to remain in the Repeal camp, from fear lest he should incite the Irish to violence. Mr. O'Connor had previously attracted great attention in the north of England by his agitation against the New Poor Law, in connection with a clerical firebrand of the name

of Stephens. He attended at this meeting, and the result was to materially alter the peaceful character projected for the demonstration by its originators. From this time the two sections of Chartists were ranged under opposite banners—the one claiming to be moral-force Chartists, and the other too often fully bearing out the character ascribed to them of being the advocates of physical force. Mr. Feargus O'Connor has of late professed a great admiration of the more peaceful mode of proceeding; but his tactics in this respect too much resemble those of O'Connell, who talked in a way calculated to excite the people at the very moment he was professing the utmost admiration of the law.

If Chartism be a subject deserving attention, then this question between moral and physical force is the most interesting part of it. We have already explained the avowed motives of the moral-force Chartists—their desire to educate themselves and each other in political knowledge,—and to obtain the franchise by the legitimate influence of argument, and by appeals to the justice of their fellow-countrymen. The most influential and praiseworthy of these moral-force Chartists is William Lovett, a cabinet-maker, and now, we believe, publisher of *Howitt's Journal*. His views as to the mode to be adopted by the working classes in advocating their claims are so moderate as to have obtained for him much respect, not merely among working men, but also among the leaders of opinion in this country. He has discountenanced, from the first, every incentive to violence, and as the working men have generally discovered that his advice was good, he has much influence over a large portion of them.

The reputed leader of the "physical-force" Chartists is Mr. Feargus O'Connor, who, however, it is just to say, repudiates the connection. But we have looked carefully through the speeches and writings of that honorable gentleman during some years, and the result is to convince us that he has been playing fast and loose with the "physical force" principle of agitation, and that, whenever there was any real danger of his being compromised by his violent language, he has dexterously thrown cold water on his own incendiarism. The best proof that he is disposed to go even greater lengths than Sir John Hobhouse and other members of the present Whig Government were in 1831, is, that the other sections of Chartists have, from time to time, protested against his violence. But, on the other hand, it is but just to say, that he does his utmost faithfully to serve the cause of aristocratic government, and the maintenance of the electoral *status quo*, by sowing the seeds of discord amongst the Chartists, and effectually prevent-

ing a general union amongst them for legitimate agitation.

In an article in this magazine some few months ago, in which more than justice was done to Mr. O'Connor, it was observed that he had "adopted" the principle of peaceful agitation from Mr. O'Connell. That was, perhaps, the best term to use in describing his course. His language to the famished multitudes in the north, ten years ago, was very different from that which he now uses in the House of Commons. He then, in fact, took up the incendiary torch which had been flung aside by some members of the present Whig cabinet, who thought, after firing the country, to have quenched it. But a shrewd demagogue, like Mr. O'Connor, could not fail to see the weight of so illustrious an example; and accordingly his speeches in agitating for the Charter were a loud echo of those made in 1831 by certain lordly and learned agitators. Mr. O'Connor, now the professed admirer of moral force, no sooner observed the peaceful efforts of the working classes, than he denounced them as "moral force humbugs," and he speedily exemplified his own views. Talking to a meeting at Rochdale, he is reported to have said, "he did not intend to spend another six years, or even one year, before he obtained for the people their just rights. The black slaves would have their emancipation on the 1st of August, 1838, and he meant to have the manumission of the white slaves on the 29th of September. If the Whigs did not concede the liberty of the people on the 29th, the people would take it by force on the 30th." And then he went on, according to the report, to say, "They would have their Michaelmas goose on the 29th, and on the 30th their opponents should have the gander. He had preached peace, but was prepared for war. One of those torches (pointing to one near at hand) was worth a thousand speeches. It spoke a language so intelligible that no one could misunderstand it. Those who were not within the hearing of his voice would comprehend the meaning of that silent monitor." Again, in February, 1839, speaking at White Conduit House, he said, "They would have, they must have, universal suffrage; and he had sworn himself, that he would have it or die in the attempt. They would have freedom though they should fight for it." Again, Mr. O'Connor asked the meeting "What they would do if the Chartist Convention were arrested?" Many of those present shouted, "We would rise." Mr. O'Connor said "He was hard of hearing, and wished they would repeat it," whereupon many vociferated, "We'd rise! we'd fight!" On another occasion, in May, 1839, he said, at Manchester, "Did they think he was going to counsel the people with

pikes, and pistols without barrels, and guns without locks, to unfold their naked breasts to an armed soldiery? No, when the people made their attack, it would be upon property." In the previous month he had said at Birmingham, "If in the prosecution of the attainment of your just rights one single shot should be fired upon you, I would not give twopence for all the property within twenty miles of Birmingham."

This language offers a striking contrast to the paternal admonitions addressed by Mr. Feargus O'Connor to "his children," under the influence of the 200,000 special constables and the well-disposed military preparations of the Duke of Wellington.

The "moral-force" Chartists charge upon the "physical-force" Chartists the riots at Birmingham and Frost's insurrection in Monmouth. It is, of course, impossible to say how far the infatuated persons, who on those occasions outraged the law, were influenced by such language as that we have quoted. But most rational men would hold the advocates of violence responsible for at least a part of the mischief. What seems to annoy the "moral-force" Chartists most is, that their disciples have been the sufferers whilst the other party have done the wrong. For instance, the "moral-force" Chartists considered that the police had violated the law in preventing a meeting of the people in the Bull-ring at Birmingham, and a declaration to that effect was drawn up and signed by their secretary and leader, the Mr. Lovett of whom we have spoken. Upon this, the law pounces upon Mr. Lovett, prosecutes him, and imprisons him for a year in Warwick gaol. This is the way of the world. Whatever may be our opinion of the political value of the Charter, we must at least draw a line between those who put forward their opinions moderately, and those who would use violence. It did seem rather hard, that the consistent advocate of peaceful agitation should be the victim of the preachers of violence.

Upon this imprisonment of Mr. Lovett we have a word or two to say. The subject has been thoroughly discussed in parliament, and we believe that most men who were not blinded by political passion, considered the treatment of Mr. Lovett and his fellow-prisoner, Mr. Collins (a tradesman at Birmingham, whose offence consisted alone in having taken the seditious document, signed by Lovett, to the printer), a piece of systematic and cowardly tyranny under the forms of the law. We have referred to the petition presented by these persons to parliament, the allegations of which were not denied. It appears that they were compelled to suffer, under the gaol regulations, the diet and discipline of felons. It appears that they were stripped, to

be examined like felons; that their hair was cropped; that they were compelled to associate with the lowest felons; that they were refused the means of ablution, except in a small tank with several felons, and that their diet was of the most inferior description. The sudden change from that to which they had been accustomed was such, that they were obliged to be removed to the hospital. The only food containing any animal matter was soup, which was administered twice a-week. This soup was served in a wooden tub, to be eaten with a wooden spoon; and both the soup itself and the manner of serving it were so filthy, that, half-starved as they were, their stomachs revolted at it. They were confined in a cell with a brick floor, and were not allowed any covering for their feet except their stockings; yet they were confined in this cell, without fire or candle, during the greater part of twenty-four hours. All their money was taken away, and no food or beverage of any kind was allowed to be brought to them; and they were not suffered to be visited, except by one person for one hour, in the presence of the turnkey, once in a quarter of a year. They were not allowed to write or receive any letter, nor to have any books, except those the chaplain permitted. Even when they were allowed a fire during certain hours of the day, it was in a cell where John Collins and William Lovett were compelled to sleep together in the same narrow bed — the second bed being occupied by a convict. Their diet, for six months, consisted of one pound and three-quarters of good bread, one pound of bad potatoes, tea twice a day, salt, and water. Repeated applications were made to the Home Secretary (who happened, by chance, not to be that member of the Whig cabinet who recommended 100,000 men from Birmingham to march up to London and overawe the legislature on the Reform question), but no attention was paid. At last, however, the magistrates, who were the inferior agents, or tools, so to speak, in this petty tyranny, were forced to admit that they had the discretion to put these two political offenders on the debtor's side of the gaol, but that they did not choose to exercise that discretion. What they refused to justice and common humanity was granted at last by their fears. One of these prisoners discovered that there had been, for a long time, some mismanagement, by which, in the soup served out to the prisoners, there was not more than half the regulation allowance of meat. This discovery operated magically; the visiting magistrates had before, in the discharge of their duty to the country, subjected these prisoners for a political offence to the discipline of convicts. All appeals had been made in vain; but no sooner was a rod, framed of their own neglect,

held in *terrorem* over them, than they took a new view of their public duty, and did not consider that they were doing wrong in treating these prisoners as their good moral character entitled them to be treated.

We are not Chartists. We need scarcely say that we are not Anarchists or Revolutionists. We think, with Mr. Macaulay, that an unlimited extension of the suffrage, in the present state of society, would defeat the ends of civilization. Therefore we have no sympathy for the objects for which this Mr. Lovett and his fellow-prisoner, Mr. Collins, had been peaceably contending. But we are Englishmen; and, as Englishmen, we hate tyranny in every shape and under every disguise. We are too much ruled by the spirit of the *bourgeoisie*. We are not as our ancestors were. We look not as they did at the abstract right, but only at the expediency. We have no sympathy, in politics, for any thing that is not "respectable." We are no longer animated by that austere love of justice which gained us our political freedom. Our unequal taxation, our class legislation, our unnatural distinctions of rank all attest this. Nations with one accord, have discarded sanguinary punishments for political offences. The stake and fagot, the scaffold and the guillotine, have alike disappeared. The refinement of our race enables us to adopt milder forms of punishment. But though the form may be more mild, the spirit may be the same. Jack Cade might have been condemned to lose his head, or to be hung, drawn, and quartered; that would have been in accordance with the spirit of those times. Think you, that by substituting for a sanguinary punishment the series of low tortures we have described, that you have made any advance in the direction of clemency or of justice? Not at all; the persons subjected to such indignities have become, by their education and the refinement of their moral feelings, so sensitive that they feel such indignities more acutely than more appalling punishments. We should be glad to see this indirect and cowardly mode of punishing opinion discontinued, now that the universal voice of mankind has pronounced that opinion shall not be punished at all. If you dare not sentence a man to moral torture in a court of justice, why be so mean as to inflict it upon him in the guise of prison regulations? It may be a capital joke for Under-secretaries of State, or bigoted country gentlemen thus to make the law, in spite of itself, a means of gratifying their short-sighted passions. But it is not for such purposes that the law is made; and, for our own parts, we would rather see a hundred demagogues escape punishment, than that such a stain should be cast on the majesty of English constitutional law as this petty revenge

of Warwickshire magistrates for their Birmingham panic.

The best rebuke was given by these prisoners themselves, who occupied the time, which most men would have spent in bitter revilings of their petty tyrants, in inditing a small book entitled *Chartism*, written in a very noble spirit of forbearance, of kindness towards all classes, and containing a well-organized scheme for the education and improvement of the people, socially and politically. As a mere literary production it is interesting, but it becomes more so when we contrast the almost philosophical calmness of its tone with the painful circumstances under which it was written.

The *Morning Chronicle*, speaking of this little book, says — "The fact of such a work as that having been concocted in gaol is a severe rebuke on wrongheadedness, to call it by no stronger term, that visits political offences with vexatious restrictions and torturing aggravations of the judicial sentence of simple imprisonment. May the plans, statements, and sentiments of this work meet with the attention they merit from legislators and statesmen."

Ultimately, after many unsuccessful attempts, the "moral-force" Chartists under the guidance of Mr. Lovett, carried out their views as to the formation of a mutual instruction society. These attempts seldom realize the expectations of their founders; and the National Hall, in Holborn, is certainly not a very strong lever for revolutionizing society. But the intention is good; and, as far as we have been able to learn, the different classes for instruction, the library, reading-rooms, lectures, &c., &c., which go to complete the plan, are well-conducted. Looking over the list of subscribers for this association, we find, among a host of others, the following names and sums: — Lord Brougham, 10*l.*; Mr. Leader, M. P., 50*l.*; Mr. Travers, 10*l.*; Mr. W. H. Ashurst, 1*l.*; Mr. Hume, M. P., 5*l.*; Mr. Elphinstone, M. P., 5*l.*; Mr. J. S. Mill, 5*l.*; Mr. P. A. Taylor, 5*l.*; Dr. Bowring, 1*l.*; Mr. T. S. Duncombe, M. P., 10*l.*; Mr. Warburton, M. P., 25*l.*; Mr. P. Williams, M. P., 1*l.*; Mr. H. B. Fearon, 5*l.*; Mr. John Marshall, M. P., 10*l.*; General Evans, 5*l.*; Dr. Southwood Smith, 1*l.*; Mr. B. Wood, M. P., 10*l.*; Sir John Easthope, 10*l.*; the Earl of Radnor, 25*l.*; Mr. Swynfen Jervis, 5*l.*; Mr. Gilbert Pouncey, 5*l.*; Mr. George Grote, 10*l.*; Mr. Rigby Wason, M. P., 5*l.*; Mr. Sharman Crawford, M. P., 10*l.*; General Johnson, M. P., 1*l.*; Mr. W. Collins, M. P., 1*l.*; Sir F. Burdett, M. P., 5*l.*; Sir M. Wood, M. P., 10*l.*; Mr. Milner Gibson, M. P., 5*l.*; Mr. O. Cave, M. P., 5*l.*; Mr. C. P. Villiers, M. P., 5*l.*; Mr. Wynne Ellis, M. P., 10*l.*; Mr. Wakley, M. P., 5*l.*; Mr. Hawes, M. P., 3*l.* 3*s.*; Mr. Prescott, the banker, 5*l.*; Mr. Charles Buller, M. P., 2*l.*

Why do we parade these names and sums after the fashion of charity dinners? Because we are so absorbed by the spirit of the *bourgeoisie*, that we will entertain no cause that is not what we call "respectable." Philanthropic Browns and Smiths may preach and practise in vain, however excellent their objects or their faith, but get a lord to head them, or, failing a lord (which is the true talisman), a few M. P.'s, or even a baronet, and that to which England has turned a deaf ear for half a century will be immediately included in the list of reputable objects.

Into all the vicissitudes of the people's petition, or Charter, as it is called, we do not think it necessary to enter. We have indicated enough to show that there are two classes of Chartists—one class acknowledging all the duties of citizens, and professing an inviolable respect for the law; the other class composed of more bold and violent men—possibly of more ignorant men—led on by a crafty and unscrupulous demagogue, who, as fast as the moderate, or, if we may so call them, constitutional Chartists, make progress in their plans, stirs up the old seditious leaven, parades a modern Jack Cadeism through the land, and only preaches peace at the moment when the offended law is about to punish. From time to time the "Charter" has been discussed in parliament. The original Chartist "Six" of the British Coffee-house evidently felt that they had gone too far; yet they could not escape from the working man's test. But their ardor very soon cooled. After years of apathy, they seem to have developed into the "Fifty," who according to recent statements, are to form and to carry another agitation, on the model of the Anti-Corn law League. During the abeyance of these the parliamentary Chartists, it was rare to find a man who had moral courage enough to bring forward the question. The violent speeches of O'Connor, the insurrection in Wales, the riots in Birmingham and in other places, the disgraceful system by which the "physical-force" Chartists interfered, after the fashion of the dog in the manger, to prevent discussion at all public meetings,—these things had covered the whole cause with such disgrace in the eyes of respectability-hunters, that one is not surprised that it ceased at least to have any influential advocates.

At length the Chartists caught an M. P. It is true he was not exactly the best they could have had; neither the most rational, nor the most weighty in the House of Commons. Moreover, he was generally supposed to be somewhat crazy upon one particular subject—the Currency; but, on the other hand, he had enormous influence with the men of Birmingham. Upon the whole, it is not surprising that Mr. Thomas Attwood, when he

presented the National petition in 1839, should not have much advanced the cause of his clients.

Before three years had elapsed the Chartists had caught another M. P., a much more valuable acquisition than the former. We do not like comparisors of individuals, but it certainly is a remarkable coincidence, that almost all, revolutionary movements have been headed, at the turning point from insignificance to importance, by some alienated member of the aristocracy. "Tom" Duncombe, as he is familiarly called in the political lower empire, is no doubt a capital fellow, a ready, clever, and unscrupulous debater, and a man of very fascinating manners. He has had the cup of pleasure ever to his lips, yet has stopped short of the dregs. After having all but exhausted every other source of mental excitement, it was no doubt fascinating to this man of latent talent to take such a position in the political arena as would afford him a justification for universal and indiscriminate attack, without being liable to very acrimonious retaliation. Mr. Thomas Duncombe, we suspect, "took up" the "Charter," in the first instance, as a good political speculation—a stalking-horse for his ambition. But as he is thoroughly English at heart, and as the good predominates in his nature, it is not surprising that the earnestness which was at first a sham should have afterwards become a reality, and that he should now, with sincerity, espouse a cause which he at first adopted partly as a political recreation. Mr. Duncombe has been most assiduous in his parliamentary advocacy of the "Charter;" but it is not necessary to enter into the details, because we do not think that up to the present time the debates in parliament have in the slightest degree advanced or retarded the cause of the artisans. If the objects of the Chartists, or any portion of them, are to be gained, it will be by peaceful agitation out of doors, and by a union of the sensible and well-conducted working men with the middle classes, for the attainment of a common object.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor's "Land Scheme" seems to us to have no natural connection with Chartism, and we therefore pass it over. Equally are we convinced that those who connect the question of the Currency with that of the Charter are mixing up two subjects which cannot be argued together. A paper currency might be good for the working man, or it might be good for the landed interest. Both classes believe that it would be so. But it would be a sad jumble to discuss the three interests together. The section of Chartists led by Joseph Sturge is of much more importance. Nominally, their claim is for "Complete Suffrage." They do not adopt the name of Chartists, but their objects are nearly the same; and as the "Moral Force" Chartists

and the "Complete Suffrage" men are inclined to an union with the middle classes for the carrying out of extensive reforms, it is not impossible that some new designation will be adopted that will be common to all.

There are certain bodies of men in this country of so servile a spirit that they will follow wherever a rich man or a titled man may lead. They would profess Cannibalism if a duke and a lord or two set them the example. The classes in question do not, we will do them the justice to say, class Chartism with Cannibalism, but they have a general and vague impression that it is but another name for every possible offence against life and property. To sustain the emasculate intellects of such persons, and for this purpose only, it is desirable to inform them that, *actually* a DUKE, not much more than fifty years ago, attempted to make something very like Chartism the law of the land. If, too, these timid politicians are not already fortified by being informed that six actual living M. P.'s signed the "Charter" about ten years ago, at the hotel in Cockspur Street, it may be as well to add, that some of the most brilliant names in our history (*including an earl*) have been ranged, in former days, on the same side. The Duke we refer to was the Duke of Richmond, who, in the year 1780, introduced a bill to give universal suffrage and annual parliaments, resting his case on the axiom that he was not proposing any thing new, but only restoring an old right and practice of the people.

There is another class of persons who do not pin their faith upon peers, and make small account even of M. P.'s and baronets, but who have much reverence for great historical names. These persons we would remind that in the year 1780 Charles James Fox was the chairman of a committee of electors of Westminster which met to determine on the subject of the right of voting. Charles James Fox and a colleague, Thomas Brand Hollis (a good old historical name) recommended to the electors of Westminster the following conditions of a perfect electoral system:—

1. Annual Parliaments.
2. Universal Suffrage.
3. Equal Electoral Districts.
4. No Property Qualification.
5. Vote by Ballot.
6. Payment of Members.

Thus Charles James Fox recommended six "points," which fifty-seven years afterwards were embodied in a document called the "People's Charter." If Chartists are to be charged with the blame of every infraction of the law which may take place at a public assemblage of the working classes who meet to devise schemes for establishing one or all of those principles, how does this react on the memory of Charles James

Fox? Surely it is as unfair to the working classes to cover their reasonable and peaceful demands with opprobrium, as it would be to cast on the reputation of the great Whig statesman the reproach of all the broken heads and broken windows of the last few years, to say nothing of the follies of the 200,000 special constables.

These seditious and unconstitutional doctrines were not promulgated exclusively either by the predecessor of the present great Tory and Protectionist Duke, or by the political father of the Greys and the Russells of our day. In times when Whigs were not indisposed to a little sedition for the advancement of their party interests, there was formed a certain society called the "Society of Friends of the People." Its chief members were the late Earl Grey, Mr. T. Erskine, Sir James Macintosh, and noblemen and members of parliament enough utterly to paralyze the thinking faculties of the *bourgeoisie* of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and all the great towns. This society did not openly go quite so far as Charles James Fox, but they went far enough to justify the chief demand of the working classes of the present day, namely, an almost unlimited extension of the suffrage.

Certainly, persons friendly to the working classes must regret that the advocacy of Chartism should have dropped down first from the hands of the Duke of Richmond, Charles James Fox, Earl Grey, Mr. Erskine, Sir James Mackintosh, into those of Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Hume, Col. Thompson, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Whittle Harvey, and Mr. Wakley (not such great statesmen as Mr. Fox or Earl Grey, but apparently like them in their readiness to drop the cause of the people as soon as it should become necessary for them to act), and by and by into the guardianship of such a mere demagogue as Mr. Feargus O'Connor. The inauguration of the movement by those great men of the past century was solemn and imposing enough. The final *denouement* on Monday, the 10th of April, 1848, was such as must have given pain to every sincere lover of constitutional order. Perhaps, had the originators of the movement, or their political descendants, given some consistent countenance to it in its intermediate stages, England might have been spared the spectacle which her special constables presented to the world.

Seriously, if the panic which possessed the whole country, and excited the most extravagant hopes in foreign enemies but a few weeks ago, was really attributable to Chartism, it is not possible any longer to evade a grave consideration of the question. Does the reader know what was really the state of London on the 10th of April? Panic was universal, in public and in private. Every man made his house a castle, as

far as he could, yet trembled for his windows. The whole population, well-affected and disaffected,—if we except the few thousand men who walked peaceably through the streets to Kennington Common, and so conducted themselves that we have not heard a single outrage charged against them,—turned out, almost as one man, to protect themselves and their wives and families against pillage, and probably murder. The Duke of Wellington was alive again, like an old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet. Summoned to the Privy Council, he made himself responsible for the peace of the metropolis, and received a *carte blanche* from the smiling Whigs, who were glad, no doubt, to shield themselves by his great name from the consequences of their own political forgetfulness. The Duke made his dispositions almost as he would have done for a city in a state of siege. So great an alarm did his preparations create throughout London, that it is impossible to doubt that the intending aggressors must have shared in it. We will venture to guess that, notwithstanding the valiant speeches of Mr. Cuffay, they were, in truth, more panic-stricken than the 200,000 special constables. It is probable that London never before contained such a number of troops, certainly not for such a purpose. There were,—

Seven battalions of Foot Guards.

Three regiments of household cavalry.

The 12th Lancers.

The 17th Foot.

Two battalions of Pensioners.

A battalion of Marines at the Admiralty.

Of Artillery there were three batteries (foot), and two troops of horse; the latter in reserve at Blackheath.

At the Penitentiary, Millbank, for the protection of Vauxhall Bridge, were the 17th Foot and a battalion of Guards.

At the Tower there were a battalion and a half of Guards.

At the Bank, half a battalion.

At the Mansion House, a squadron of the 1st Life Guards.

At Blackfriars' Bridge and in the insurance offices there was half a battalion of Pensioners.

At Somerset house there were a battalion of Guards, a squadron of Blues, and two pieces of cannon.

At Chelsea College, for the protection of Battersea Bridge, a battalion of Out-pensioners.

There were also large bodies of troops stationed in Farrington Street. There were Riflemen placed on the tops of the Houses of Parliament, and troops were established in Westminster Hall. Nor was Buckingham Palace forgotten, although Field-marshal Prince Albert and the Queen had gone out of town.

There were in the palace three guns and a howitzer.

The care taken of those laborious gentlemen, the clerks in the public offices, was extraordinary, and showed that the Duke had not altogether forgotten his official connexions; peaceful quill-drivers, whose ordinary occupation, during three fourths of the day, was to read the papers and talk of the last night's ball, were to be seen with powder-flasks and belts, loaded pistols being concealed in their desks. The windows of the Treasury and other public offices in Downing Street were barricade!; and, as Mr. Macaulay well observed, the real use of blue-boo s was for the first time discovered, when the engineer officer began to pile them up and dispose them, with loop-holes between, against the sashes. At one or two, if not all of these, provisions were laid in for three days; and it being feared that projectiles of an inflammable character would be used to burn the different offices, there were detachments of Sappers and Miners, provided with wet blankets to put out the fire.

The Duke was all the time, from Saturday to Monday, as busy as a certain person in the proverb. During the whole of Monday he was at his office in the Horse Guards, but not in uniform. A story is told, which is highly characteristic of the illustrious veteran, so excited by this last chance of military action. It is said that when, at the Privy Council, he was asked, "Has your Grace protected London Bridge?" "Done two hours ago!" was the curt answer. "And Blackfriars?" "Done two hours ago!" "And Waterloo?" "Done, too!" And so the interrogator proceeded up the river, the Duke answering with similar abruptness, and not very patiently, till he had been dragged up to Putney Bridge. The learned councillor ventured one step further. "Richmond Bridge?" "Richmond Bridge may go to the devil!" said the Duke, utterly unable to bear any further questioning.

If these preparations were made against Chartists, then the Chartists must be too formidable to be any longer put beyond the pale of political discussion. If they were not made against the Chartists, but against the rabble assuming their name, then what a potency there must be in that single word to stir the people! Surely, in either case, it is time to cease pooh-poohing this question, to ascertain what Chartism is, whether it may be entertained, or by what means it is to be evaded.

It is observable that these demands for extension of the suffrage have usually arisen at periods of distress. There is much distress at present, but scarcely enough, if they stood alone, to cause such an excitement of the working classes as

would justify the Duke of Wellington's preparations. The working classes, however, remember a long score of past sufferings. It is not natural for hungry men to reason as coolly as sleek economists. They cannot understand that the inequalities in men's condition, and the periodical inflictions of extreme poverty, are not the result of the laws, and for this reason, they naturally desire to have the making of those laws. This is the normal condition of Chartism. But, at the present time, there are special external causes for increased activity, of hope, and intellectual working among the masses. The spread of the habit of reading makes them acquainted, from day to day, with the events of the world. They see in France a Republic established by the prowess of the lower orders, and maintained without violence or outrage. They see an election of representatives of the people conducted in a manner more orderly than the elections at Nottingham or Wigan, or even in London itself, at which the voting is on the principle of universal suffrage, and where a considerable number of the candidates are working men. With the practice of universal suffrage on the other side of the Atlantic they have long been familiar. Both America and France might be regarded by them as exceptional cases. But if they turn their eyes to the rest of Europe, they see two of the most despotic monarchies of the Continent adopting, nay, even initiating, that very principle of representation which forms the basis of their own claims.

Prussia and Austria have, alike, accepted universal suffrage as the foundation of their new constitutions. With such facts before us, can we feel astonished that the sober, honest, hard-working artisans of this country—who, be it remembered, are by their birthright as Englishmen free, with whom pride is a national virtue, who are not anarchists, savages, vagabonds, or pickpockets,—can we be surprised that they, too, think the time is come when they might be invited to take their place, according to their station in the country, in the national councils? And are we wise, knowing our own power and strength, and entertaining no fear (especially during the two months the special constables are in office), of the efforts of those who would disturb public order—are we wise to continue pouring contempt and obloquy on men, whom we wilfully confound with that vile portion of the population which, in the countries we speak of, seems to be so little dreaded that there is scarcely an exception made against them in the new constitutions? The Chartists profess, in this respect, to be a sort of moral police; for they say they would refuse the franchise to all persons convicted of criminal offences against the law.

But because we would have this question met in a manly way are we therefore Chartists? No. Discussing the Charter fairly, and conceding it, are two very different matters. We put ourselves in the position of the honest, hard-working artisan. We know that if we had given, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, guarantees of our good citizenship, we should not like to be told, that because we did not pay 10*l.* a-year, not in rent, for that nine out of ten artisans pay, but in rent for a house according to the definition of a revising barrister, we should be deemed unfit to exercise a franchise which is given to all persons paying that amount of rent, without any test of their moral or intellectual fitness, and which, moreover, is bestowed, with all the prodigality of injustice, upon the freemen of boroughs, a class notoriously vicious and corruptible through their drunkenness or their avarice.

The fault of the Chartists consists in their aiming at too much. But this has been the fault of all political agitators. When Clarkson "went" for total and immediate emancipation of the Negro, he was regarded by his opponents as Chartists are regarded by theirs. When Mr. Cobden "went" for total and immediate repeal of the corn-laws, it was supposed that he had entered on as hopeless a crusade. But Clarkson and Cobden both lived to see the accomplishment of their impossible aims. From the consequences of both those great agitations the applicants for the Charter, and those who contemptuously oppose them, might alike derive an useful lesson. The obstinate and infatuated opposition of the slave-holding interests to all change, forced the abolitionists more under the influence of exasperation than was consonant with their character. The opposition of the landlords and leading statesmen to a rational modification of the corn-laws drove Mr. Cobden to a fanatical adherence to total and immediate repeal; whereas, had a timely consideration been given to the question, a more equitable and rational adjustment might have been made. The Chartists, in like manner, include in their demands propositions which it is utterly impossible to entertain in the present state of society in this country.

Without defending the Septennial Act, we must say that annual parliaments would be an annual nuisance. In regard to the suffrage question, it may be observed that thousands of working men in this country might exercise it if they would take the trouble. Their neglect ought not, of course, to abrogate the right of others. But this apathy is a fact not to be overlooked, and it demands consideration ere we even think of making the extension of the suffrage so great as to throw the representation into

the hands of those who would be most active under sinister influences. Vote by ballot, too, is a painful and humiliating expedient, only to be thought of under circumstances, the existence of which Englishmen do not care to admit. In like manner, there are objections to each individual proposition; yet out of the whole, there are some upon which an agreement might be come to. Taken as a whole, however, the Charter is inadmissible. It might operate in a country like Austria, where the habit of living under one tyranny would render men less restive under another; but in this country, with all its complicated interests and nice balancing of society, it would create universal confusion, and the first, as well as the most permanent sufferers by it would be the working classes themselves. All we contend for, is, that in the face of the facts which we have recorded, it is impossible for men

of sense any longer to treat the demands or wishes of the working-classes of this country as too contemptible for grave discussion. The Government are presuming too much on the shop-window panic. They mistake the majorities given them as preservers of public order for *bona fide* manifestations of popularity. Knowing their past party history, we could laugh at their conceited blindness. But when we feel that every hour lost at the present time is spreading among the middle classes ideas which, on the first day of the present year they would have scorned, we do bitterly deplore that the welfare of this nation, and the harmony of feeling between classes should be imperilled by the exalted doctrinairism of a Lord John Russell, and the arrogant flippancy of a Sir Charles Wood.

— *Fraser's Magazine.*

JACTITATION OF MARRIAGE; OR, THE WEDDING IN THE FOG.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF CHATHAM PITT FULLALOVE, LATE OF THE "WOODS AND FORESTS," WHITEHALL.

What language can portray the agonies of hopeless and unextinguishable love! In solitary gloom let me — *me miserable* — stretched on the rack of inevitable error, syllable one penitential prayer to the vision of that injured angel, who but for an execrable blunder, originating in the atmospheric density, the vile pernicious vapors of a November morning, would, ere now, have been wedded to Chatham Pitt, instead of to Desolation. Penelope! thou sainted one! at the remembrance of thy immedicable pangs my spirit groaneth inwardly, and tears, scalding tears, gush from the deepest land-springs of my soul. But let me collect, if possible, my scattered senses, before, with deep abasement, I enter the literary confessional. I am suffering from a congestion of emotion, a sentimental apoplexy, and must write freely, boldly, for nothing can save me from distraction but the pen, that ready instrument of mental phlebotomy.

Favored by the spontaneous patronage of Lord Palmoile, for whom, on his election for the ancient borough of Stumpdowne (since most shamefully disfranchised), my father polled the tenth and last plumper, I was appointed to a post of profit in the "Woods and Forests," where I have ever since remained, doing my duty in that station of life in which it has pleased a noble Lord to place me. It cannot, therefore, be denied (if I may use the popular phrase)

that my "lines have fallen in pleasant places." A flourishing revenue — occupation sedentary, but not *very* laborious — intelligent chatty colleagues, with congenial sentiments — all staunchly conservative — my Utopia was realized — I sighed for neither principalities nor powers. A social unit (how much better that sounds than vulgar bachelor!) from conviction — my mind calm and clear — my bosom exempt from the heaving of tumultuous love — a stranger to dyspepsia, I ate well, I slept well — my hours of relaxation being pretty equally divided between my flute and my philosophy. For many years I had been assiduously engaged in the composition of an elaborate treatise on "Female Perfectability," a subject profoundly interesting to all, but especially to those who are hovering, as it were, on the awful brink of matrimony — one, I will add, requiring for its treatment a high degree of moral courage, candor, and sagacity. Not that I ever contemplated testing my speculations by experience, although I entertained the firmest belief, that woman, by sound and judicious education, *might* have her understanding sufficiently elevated to enable her to survey and appreciate the illimitable intellectual expanse of him whom Nature had ordained for her imperial lord and master. Notwithstanding this liberal concession — (*Note-book quite illegible.*)

One evening, having, in company with Lob-

kins of the "Stamps and Taxes," discussed my chop and pint of sherry, I entered an omnibus at Charing-Cross, little dreaming that amongst the lumps of stolid humanity there collected, was hidden a gem of "purest ray serene," a woman whose moral philosophy harmonized with my own to a T.

I am not superstitious — far from it — but the moment I glanced at the passengers in the "bus," I felt by an indefinable instinct, that the arbiter of my destiny was *there*. Language is all too weak, too vague to express my emotions, when just as we reached the foot of Maida Hill, the last of the Mohicans (a Mohican, in Cadonian phraseology, is a tremendously heavy man, who rides five or six miles for six pence) having alighted, I found myself alone with the Peri of Paddington — the Pearl of Pentonville.

As she sat at the extreme end of the "bus," calmly watching the oscillations of the conductor's badge, the effulgence of the lamp above her shed a mild lustre on her sedate countenance, and gave additional prominence to the green spectacles by which her intellectuality was asserted and her beauty enhanced. Her figure was tall (with Byron, I hate a dumpy woman), and somewhat attenuated, as is customary with those in whom the reflective faculties predominate over the organs of the sense, and in whom the substance (so to speak) is neutralized by the spirit which burns so brilliantly within it. She had a book in her lap — could such a woman be without a book? — and a small brown paper parcel of cylindrical form lay beside her. By a sudden oscillation of the omnibus, the parcel rolled off the seat and fell among the straw, by which her sandalled foot was protected from prying curiosity. I hastened to assist in searching for the fugitive packet, and succeeding in restoring it to its grateful owner. "She thanked me," as Othello says, and I was about to venture an *apropos* observation on the subject of aerolites and other falling bodies, when the red-whiskered conductor thrust his head within the window, and exclaimed, "Vheat-Sheaf, Marm; ve don't go no furdur!"

"No further?" ejaculated the lady, with dignity and astonishment; "I desired you to set me down at St. John's Wood Chapel — this is abominable."

I will not describe the distressing altercation that ensued — to see your soul's idol wrangling with an uneducated omnibus cad is excruciating. The lady, indignantly vindicating her locomotive claims, insisted upon being conveyed to the place of destination for which she had expressly stipulated. *Monsieur le Conducteur*, cool, independent, and aggravating as usual, intimated that "if the lady vished to sleep in the 'bus,'

they would cheerfully drive her into the yard, and charge her *nuffin* for the night's accommodation."

This impudent proposition having been represented with becoming spirit, and the number of the "bus" correctly noted and registered, we quitted the vehicle in disgust; and my road home happening fortunately to be in the same direction as that of my fair *inamorata*, we walked together along the St. John's Wood road, our conversation naturally turning upon the audacity, insolence, and illegal recklessness of omnibus conductors generally, and the recent specimen of that *monstrum horrendum* in particular. From this topic, by an easy transition, I passed on to the unfortunate position of woman with no chivalrous champion to protect her from Cadonian impudence and imposition. In her reply to these observations, my companion took a much more comprehensive view of the subject, and descanted with singular force and eloquence upon the wrongs of woman, considered not alone as an omnibus traveller, but with reference to her political, social, and parochial rights and privileges. She pointed out, with sarcastic bitterness, the anomaly of the highest functions of government being performed by one of her own sex, and yet that that sex should be disqualified from holding any judicial office, or exercising any authority except in the immediate sphere of her domestic relations. I was about to urge, in opposition to my charming interlocutor's peremptory demand for "grand jury-women" and "relieving overseeresses," the incompetency which is induced by our present defective system of female education, and which is treated of at length in my manuscript essay, (pp. 485 to 620,) before alluded to; when my companion paused before a little green gate, on which was a brass plate bearing the inscription of "Miss Penelope Phipps' Establishment for Young Ladies."

As fortune would have it, at this critical moment a few drops of rain, the prelude of a smart shower, warned us to seek some place of shelter. I had no umbrella. Need I say more? Shall I ever forget with what considerate kindness Miss Phipps proffered me the loan of one? My fate was sealed. We all know — all whose hearts are not case-hardened by the sneers of a cold and callous world — what umbrella courtship is — how fearfully young hearts palpitate beneath the agitated ribs even of an unsophisticated gingham. I borrowed Miss Phipps' umbrella, and left with her my "first love," as security for its safe return.

Mark the inconsistency of human nature. In my elaborate dissertation on "Female Perfectability," (pp. 990 to 1017,) I laid it down as an

axiom, that a complete knowledge of "Woman as she is" could not be attained in less than *ten* years. There is no royal road to mathematics — *that* we all allow; neither is there any short cut, which a *prudent* person might take, to the glittering temple of connubialism. But Penelope was an exception to the rule. Two months had scarcely elapsed from the commencement of our "umbrella courtship," when in Penelope Phipps I discovered the realization of all my poetic fancies, the embodiment of all my philosophical speculations. Is it surprising, then, that, without further hesitation or delay, I popped the question? Need it be told, that the answer was a sigh, a tremour, and a blush? Can any one doubt that I pressed her unresisting hand to my lips, and urged her to name the day, an early day? She named the 9th of November.

By some strange fatality, this affair, which I desired to keep as "dark as treason," got whispered about, nearly a week before the time appointed for its execution. Puddicombe, who is my *vis-à-vis* in the "Woods and Forests," happened to detect a letter from Penelope, in which I had unwittingly wrapt up some ham sandwiches, and which enabled him to guess with tolerable accuracy the plan of our intended operations. Penelope was much annoyed at this discovery, and so was I; and to baffle the curiosity of our friends, we determined to manage matters as quietly as possible. We arranged it in this way; Penelope was to start alone, at half-past nine, from Belle-Vue Cottage, and proceed per omnibus to Mary-le-bone Church, where I was to be in attendance, to receive my expectant bride. Penelope would then enter at the south door, I at the north, "opposite lady and gentleman advance, join hands," &c. &c. *Vide* Payne's "First Set of Quadrilles." (N.B. — The parish clerk had kindly promised to act as a father to us both.)

November is the brunette of months; and the ninth, being Lord Mayor's day, is almost invariably arrayed in the deepest mourning which a London fog is enabled to supply. It was this consideration which induced Penelope to appoint the ninth for our nuptials, a delicacy which cannot be too highly commended, *maugre* its disastrous results.

I awoke about five A. M., roused by the inspiring chorus of "hailing smiling morn," from a band of homeward-bound revellers. On looking forth between the curtains, I perceived that my chamber was filled with an amber-colored vapor, as palpable almost as calf's-foot jelly. After some time spent in appropriate reflections on the great change which my moral organization was about to undergo, I rose, and tried to shave; but in the nervousness engen-

dered by my emotions, I inflicted such a horrid gash on my upper lip that I abandoned the task in dismay. I question seriously whether Alexander the Great would have had daring enough to shave himself in such portentous obscurity. Having, however, at length finished my imperfect toilet, breakfasted, and taken a small glass of cogniac, to brace my system, I sallied forth, and, attended by a link-boy, directed my steps towards Mary-le-bone Church. After escaping by a miracle from being run over by a light spring van, knocked off the curb by an irritable basket woman, and thrice unwittingly embraced a repulsive lamp-post, I reached the porch of the sacred edifice. Heavens! how my heart palpitated, as I glanced around in search of Penelope. *She was not there.* The clergyman and clerk were both in attendance — all things were in readiness, excepting the bride, and she (poor dear!) was lost, irretrievably lost, in the fog. As I stood at the vestry door, straining my aching eyes, to penetrate the gloom which enveloped the adjacent tombstones, a cold perspiration bedewed my forehead — the damp vapor crystalized on my eyebrows — I looked at my watch — it wanted but five minutes to eleven, and still no Penelope! Agitated by the direst apprehensions, I was thrice about to rush off to Belle-Vue Cottage, and thrice was restrained by the fear of either losing myself, or of crossing each other on the way. Suddenly, when I had just finished biting my nails to the quick, I heard the rustling of a silk cloak — *visite*, cardinal or polka, I know not — beside me. I turned round, and O! what words will express my transports? Penelope stood before me, in a large leghorn bonnet, a green veil, a rabbit muff, and a corresponding boa. Instinctively — spasmodically — I grasped her trembling arm, and conducted her to the altar. The holy man had already taken his place there, the smiling fee-expectant clerk stood beside us; not an instant was lost. The reading of that beautiful, that touching, that deeply impressive ritual commenced — most of its effect, however, being destroyed by the fog, which, having got down the reverend gentleman's trachea, caused his voice to languish away within him, in a dying-swan-like cadence, which can be more easily conceived than described. My agitation during the ceremony was so excessive that I durst scarcely look at Penelope; but, notwithstanding the opacity of the atmosphere, I could see by the dependent veil, that her blushes demanded man's tenderest sympathy; and I should have been a brute — a Bosjesman, to have attempted to disturb their appropriate palladium. The service concluded — love, honor, and obedience, having been promised with that feigned monosyl-

labic reluctance, which comports so beautifully with female tenderness and delicacy, we proceeded to the vestry room, to ratify the sacred compact. But, O my reeling brain! I had taken up a pen to inscribe my autograph in the parochial register, when the supposed Penelope lifted her sea-green veil, that screen of human perfidy, and a Gorgon stood revealed. It was *not Penelope*. It was a short, but fearfully fat woman, with a face like the sun's rubicund orb, which at that moment was struggling through the fog — the very incarnation of a full-length portrait I once saw on the outside of a caravan at Camberwell fair. I dropped the quill — gasped for breath — became convulsed with horror — then by a sudden, a superhuman effort, I clenched my hat, and made one spring to the door, and fled, as if a roaring lion was menacing me with immediate and utter dissolution.

I reached my lodgings — how, I know not — when, I know not — I threw myself on the sofa, my mind a perfect wreck, and burying my head beneath the pillows, in the agony of self-reproach, gave vent to a passionate and hysterical flood of tears. O the maledictions which I heaped upon my own unpardonable stupidity! O how bitterly I chided that fatal fog! How savagely I derided the pusillanimity of people who have not courage enough to perpetrate matrimony in broad and open daylight, but must sneak to the altar under cover of a murky circumambient cloud, abashed and cowering, as if they were about to commit some heinous fraud upon their fellow-creatures, and shuddered at the idea of being transported for the term of their natural lives.

As soon as I regained some small portion of my native tranquillity, I sat down to write a letter — the outpourings of a penitent heart — to my much-wronged Penelope. Thrice have I made the attempt — three sheets of Bath post, gilt, have I destroyed — and thrice I have paused, paralyzed by the phantoms which crowd upon my heated imagination. * * * * Methinks I see her reading my abject protestations of remorse — a virtuous indignation kindles in her eye; — she — hark! there's a knock — a double, treble, quadruple knock. Heavens! it is Penelope herself — I hear her decisive footstep on the stairs.

One o'clock, P. M. — 'Tis past; we have met. Phoo! I feel like Chabert, the fire-king, just emerged from half-an-hour's repose in an oven. As soon as poor Miss Phipps entered the room her feelings seemed to overcome her — she rushed into my arms, unable to utter a syllable; my agitation also was excessive, and, my strength failing me, I sunk down on the sofa, physically incompetent any longer of sustaining the burden of my forlorn Penelope. She drew forth her

handkerchief, and, for some minutes, wept unrestrainedly. I did not attempt to interrupt her, as I fancied an effusion of this nature, by opening the flood-gates of sympathy, might moderate the acrimony of her reproaches.

"Oh dear!" she said, with a deep sigh, and passing a finger across her pencilled eyebrow, "what a dreadful fright you have caused me, Chatham; I was afraid, by you not being at the church at the time appointed, that something serious had happened."

She was afraid that something serious had happened! Is there any truth in Mesmerism? Could she, by any species of *clairvoyance*, have foreseen the terrible calamity which no human power could avert?

"Is it too late, dear, for the ceremony to take place to-day?" said Penelope, extracting her vinaigrette from her richly-embroidered blue satin bag.

I looked down at my patent-leather boots, and was dumb.

"Must it be put off till to-morrow, Chatty, dear?" inquired Penelope, with a languishing smile, that made me tingle from head to foot.

"Can't be married after twelve," I said, opening my watch, "and it's now twenty minutes past."

"Heigho!" returned Penelope, shading her eyes with her delicate hand; "what beautiful lines those are of Dr. Young's: —

"Be wise to-day — 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on till wisdom is pushed out of life."

Scarcely had Miss Phipps concluded the quotation, when we were startled by a fearful rat-tat-tat-tat at the street door.

"Goodness! gracious! Mr. Fullalove," exclaimed Miss P., "who can that be?"

I was about to protest my ignorance, when Mrs. Chiselm, my landlady, entered, and announced that a *lady* wished to speak with me, "very perticularly."

"A lady?" cried Penelope, in astonishment; "a lady, Mrs. Chiselm — what lady?"

"She won't give her name, Ma'am," replied Mrs. Chiselm, turning round as a heavy step without arrested our united attention.

"There must be some mistake," said Penelope, with an air of misgiving; "do *you* expect any lady, Mr. Fullalove?"

"Yes, Mum, there is some mistake," exclaimed a shrill voice on the landing-place, "and a very pretty mistake it is, too; but I'll soon learn the rights on it."

And, with this threatening proclamation, there sailed into our presence, like an overladen Dutch East-Indiaman, a very big, peony-like woman, in a flaunting Leghorn bonnet, to which was at-

tached a limpid veil, a green satin cloak, Adelaide boots, and a muff—the *tout ensemble* bearing a striking resemblance to that celebrated portrait on the exterior of a travelling caravan, which has yearly excited the admiration of thousands at Camberwell Fair.

"Your name's Fullalove, arn't it?" she said, addressing me with a menacing eye.

"It is," I replied, as soft as velvet.

"Well, 'pon my word," returned the "Wonder of the Fair," taking a seat to recover her exhausted expiration, "things is come to a pretty pass. This willain here, Mum," she continued, addressing Miss Phipps, "comes to Marybone Church, and passes himself off for Captain Rowbottom, who commands the 'Perriwinkle' steamer, wot runs from Old Swan Pier to nine Elems."

"Is it possible?" said Miss Phipps, incredulously.

"And 'consequence o' the fog, Mum," pursued the big woman, drawing forth her handkerchief, and weeping *ad libitum*, "I didn't diskiver it till it was all over."

"All over!" exclaimed Miss Phipps, in a state of incipient frenzy; "you do not—you cannot"——

"We're jined together, Mum," returned the big woman, giving unbridled scope to her grief, "as fast as houses—better or worser—until death us do part."

Penelope raised her seraphic eyes to the ceiling, and, with a faint shriek, sunk senseless into my arms.

Sal volatile, and other stimulants, were soon in requisition, and, under their benign influence, Penelope once more awoke to a sense of her hopeless situation.

Never can time erase from my remembrance the impression of that startling change which had taken place in her once serene and amiable physiognomy. The brightness of day had been succeeded by the blackness of night—and a stormy night, too—thunder, hail, and lightning.

"Oh you double-faced Janus!" she cried, shaking her head at me with an expression of concentrated malice that caused my "chill blood to linger in its course"; you think, because a woman is weak and defenceless, that you can play the deceiver with impunity; but I will frustrate your subtle machinations; you shall pay the penalty of a breach of promise, and shall be compelled to acknowledge, on your knees in a dungeon, that, while there is law and justice in the land, a woman's heart is not to be shot at like a target, for the wanton amusement of a scorpion in man's clothing."

And with this little bit of fulminating powder, Miss Phipps whipped up her parasol and reticule, and flounced out of the apartment with an hau-

teur that no living actress could possibly have excelled.

I was left alone with the big woman—my heart beating seconds audibly against my ribs.

"As a widder," soliloquized this unhappy person, gazing abstractedly on the hearth-rug in a deeply sorrowful reverie, "with eleven blessed orfuns, the youngest, in a manner o' speaking, but a babby——"

I waited to hear no more, but rushing from the room, made one spring from the top of the stairs to the street door, and fled like a hare, both in point of terror and velocity.

On reaching the first convenient corner, I paused, partly to recover my breath, and partly to ascertain if my unhappy consort would, after mature consideration, retire from the premises; or whether she was determined upon keeping possession, and asserting her conjugal rights and privileges.

After lying *perdu* some time, I observed the big woman come out, with considerable warmth in her expansive countenance. As soon as she was fairly out of sight, I hastened back to my lodgings, it being my intention to pack up my things—leave at once and for ever the detested neighbourhood, and bury myself and my afflictions in the secluded district of Balaam Hill. I was busily engaged in filling my carpet-bag, when, to my inexpressible annoyance, Puddicombe, my *confrère* at the "Woods and Forests," broke in upon my privacy, with a white waistcoat, a blue coat, a shining red face, and a glossy French hat—the *beau-ideal* of a diner-out and a beef-eater.

"Chatty, my boy," he exclaimed, grasping, with excruciating cordiality, my icy hand, "Chatty, my boy—I wish you joy—heyday!—where's the lady?—'pon my soul, you look remarkably well, upon the whole—it's a serious thing to enter the ring—and you soon find your match when you're brought to the scratch."

"For Heaven's sake, Puddicombe," cried I, with severe displeasure, "do give up that contemptible habit of rhyming and punning—it's a disgrace to a man"——

"So I do as much as I can."

"Who professes to have a grain of sense."

"'Pon my honor, I meant no offence," he rejoined, sitting astride of a chair, and resting his arms on the back; "but tell me, Chatty, seriously, how *did* the affair go off?—slight sprinkling of tears—an exhibition of *aqua vitae*, as the doctors say, I suppose; but what a sly dog you are!"

"Sly about what?" I demanded, with increasing petulance.

"Why, in tying the lover's knot," replied Puddicombe, plunging his forefinger into my

ribs with a playful ejaculation, somewhat resembling the "caw" of a rook.

"I have tied no knot, my dear fellow."

"Not married? zounds!" exclaimed Puddicombe, "what is the meaning, then, of those euphonious sounds?"

He paused, and listened. It was — there could be no mistake about it — the clang of marrow-bones and cleavers.

Grasping my arm, Puddicombe triumphantly pulled me to the window, and there, surrounded by a number of the swinish multitude, were three impudent butchers, energetically employed in displaying their peculiar powers of instrumentation.

Puddicombe threw up the sash, and tossed them a shilling, upon which the mob burst forth with a deafening cheer, while the smaller fry held up their caps, and, like *Oliver Twist*, made application "for more." This pleased Puddicombe vastly, and, scattering a handful of halfpence amongst them, he nearly split his sides in laughing as the urchins rushed headlong, reckless of mud and danger, into the thickest of the gutters in pursuit of the precious metal. * * *

But sterner trials even than these were in store for me. I pass over the miseries of a sleepless night. I rose languid, depressed, and ghastly — and did not arrive at the "Woods and Forests" till a quarter past ten. As soon as I entered the office all my colleagues came forward, and, shaking my hand in the most impressive manner, congratulated me on the happy change which had taken place in my condition. Not content with this, Puddicombe — that inveterate joker will certainly be the death of me — sent for two bottles of champagne, and proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Fullalove, in a speech full of absurdity, and to which all present responded with the Kentish fire — hip-hip-hurrah — hurrah — hurrah!

I bit my lip till the pain was insupportable, and, to conceal my chagrin, took up the "Morning Post." Mechanically my eye fell full on the following paragraph:—"On the 9th inst., at the Church of St. Marylebone, Chatham Pitt Fullalove, Esq., of the Woods and Forests, Whitehall, to Miss Penelope Phipps, of Belle-Vue Cottage, St. John's Wood Road."

Words can convey no adequate idea of the burning rage which possessed by bosom on reading this atrocious fabrication. For some minutes I stood paralyzed in a sort of dreamy stupor. I cast my baleful eyes upon its conscience-stricken authors. Suddenly the thirst of vengeance — the suggestions of natural justice — seemed to rise into my throat, and intimating that Puddicombe and his confederates should suffer for their temerity, I rushed out of the "Woods and

Forests," and springing into a cab, directed the fellow to drive to Great Knight Rider Street, Doctors' Commons.

Mr. Cocklebury, who occupied chambers in the chivalrous *locale* just mentioned, was a proctor of good reputation and practice. For the honor of his acquaintance, I was originally indebted to a ticket-porter, in Paul's Chain, who, suspecting that I required a matrimonial licence, politely offered to introduce me to a professional gentleman, of whom he spoke in terms of unqualified commendation, and for which introduction I presented him, having no smaller coin about me, with half-a-crown. Of a bland and genial countenance, with an expression of sly humor in the benevolent twinkle of his little gray eyes, you could not look upon Mr. Cocklebury without the conviction that a proctor's life was calculated to excite feelings of excusable envy.

And Mr. Cocklebury was to be envied. Irrespective of the emoluments which his practice produced (and they were by no means despicable), Cocklebury was honored with the confidence — was, in fact, the lay confessor of suspicious earls and jealous countesses — his ear was the chosen depositary of secrets, deep, dark, and unfathomable as the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. Day after day, the high-minded, beautiful, eloquent, and dignified victim of conjugal infelicity, would sink into Cocklebury's easy-cushioned chair, and contemplating tearfully the lace-bordered handkerchief in her jewelled fingers, would bewail the wrongs and sufferings, by which a spouse, diverted from his legitimate sphere by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, was slowly bearing down her afflicted spirit into a long-expected and inevitable tomb.

Mr. Cocklebury received me with much politeness. He had just given audience to a young, but tall, and apparently high-spirited lady, with large, dark, Italian eyes, who, stepping into an elegant britzka, where a pet spaniel was reposing on the last new novel, was driven off by two splendid bays, just as my cab set me down at Cocklebury's office.

The artful old proctor's eye had a peculiar leer, and there was a sort of imprisoned chuckle in his throat, which betrayed the distinctive character of the narrative to which he had just been lending his urbane and sympathizing credence.

"I come to solicit your advice and assistance, sir," I said, as soon as Mr. Cocklebury had closed the door, which was listed from top to bottom, so that not a sound could escape — "your advice, sir, under very singular and painful circumstances."

"Singular and painful, eh?" returned the old gentleman, looking me full in the face.

"Can the mouth of calumny be stopped, sir?" I demanded; "can a report, as malicious as it is unfounded, be suppressed by any process, ecclesiastical or otherwise? — the facts are these —"

"Go on," said Cocklebury, rubbing his hands with pleasurable anticipation, "facts are stubborn things: but there's nothing like them, is there?"

"You may remember, sir, about a week since, I obtained a licence —"

"What name?"

"Phipps — Miss Penelope Phipps was the lady's name. Now, by one of the most melancholy blunders that ever mortal man could possibly fall into, instead of being united to the object of my affection, I find myself yoked to a lump of grossness and vulgarity, who, on my conscience, I believe is neither more nor less than the notorious 'Wonder of the Fair.'"

"Gad!" said old Cocklebury, with a lively smile, "you have tumbled, then, over a paragon of female excellence."

"By fair, sir, I mean Cumberland Fair. Now, imagine my horror, sir, on finding myself harnessed for life to an individual who is made a public exhibition of, and who is old enough to be my mother."

"But you were harnessed with your eyes open, I suppose?"

"Yes," I exclaimed, with bitterness; "but of what use are eyes when opposed to a London fog on the 9th of November? But I have not yet told you the worst, sir: not only am I legally bound to love, honor, and cherish this penny exhibition of obesity — not only am I threatened with an action for breach of promise by Miss Phipps — not only am I doomed to writhe on a bed of thorns whenever the recollection of my own stupidity presses upon my brain, but, to crown all — to make me a perfect and hopeless maniac — it is announced in the public prints — in the daily journals, sir, that, on the 9th instant, Chatham Pitt Fullalove, Esq., of the Woods and Forests, Whitehall, led to the hymeneal altar Miss Penelope Phipps, of Belle-Vue House, St. John's Wood Road; and wherever I go, people rush upon me to congratulate me accordingly. In vain I protest it's no such thing — in vain I solemnly assure them that I am *not* united to Miss Phipps — that Miss Phipps is *not* Mrs. Chatham Pitt Fullalove — they won't believe it. Now, sir, as for every wrong there is a remedy, I presume that the law — omnipotent and beneficent as it is — will not hesitate to afford me some relief for this crying — this intolerable — this truly appalling grievance. Am I right, sir, or am I not?"

The sagacious old gentleman tapped his forehead with his forefinger; and, after a moment's

reflection, observed — "It must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well."

"Name it," I exclaimed, jumping up and grasping Cocklebury's hand with vindictive exultation; "name it, and, if it cost me a thousand pounds, I will make these tattlers rue it."

Taking a large solemn-looking tome from his book-case, Cocklebury opened it, and, aided by his eye-glass, read as follows: —

"JACTITATION OF MARRIAGE. — *A suit in the Ecclesiastical Court, when one of the parties asserts that he or she is married, which the other party denying, and no adequate proof of the marriage being brought, the offending party is enjoined silence on that head.*"

"I don't know," said Cocklebury, closing the volume, "whether that will apply exactly to your case."

"It only requires, like a new glove, sir, a little stretching," I replied, with implicit confidence in the notorious flexibility of justice; "and I rejoice greatly to find, sir, that after all the senseless and malevolent abuse which has been levelled at our courts of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, they are no less deserving of veneration for their compliance with the demands of suffering humanity than any other pillar of our glorious and imperishable constitution."

Having given utterance to these sentiments — the firm conviction, be it remembered, of a liberal and unprejudiced mind — I left Cocklebury, with instructions forthwith to issue a "Jactitation" against Bartholomew Puddicombe, as the greatest enemy to my tranquillity and reputation. Oh, talk not to me of mercy! about its blessing both the drawer and the acceptor. Revenge is a bill that is never dishonored; and why? Because it is invariably paid as soon as it is due.

On leaving the worthy proctor, I directed my steps towards Paul's Wharf, intending to return by one of the penny steamers to Westminster Bridge, when my purpose was frustrated, and my life placed in the most imminent jeopardy that can possibly be conceived.

It was a bright and cheerful morning; the sun, as if to celebrate the restoration of *peace* to my bosom, bestowed a general illumination upon the rippling Thames, whose tide, like that in the affairs of provisional committeemen, was at low-water mark. Numerous barges floating down the river under the urgent guidance of stalwart lightermen, whose shoulders seemed in momentary danger of dislocation, formed, by their austere appearance, a striking contrast to the little insignificant wherries which, riding saucily on the undulating billows, seemed to deride (like many conceited little upstart people I could mention) the grand locomotive powers to which they are indebted for their factitious elevation.

While I was standing on the "dumb-lighter," waiting the arrival of the steamer, my attention was arrested by a female voice, exclaiming, "So we've found you again, have we?" and turning round, I beheld, to my dismay, that tremendous and unhappy woman to whom my hand, but not my heart, was irrevocably linked, attired in a faded sea-green silk cloak, and stupendous leg-horn bonnet, with snow-boots, and supported by a shapeless mass of umbrella. To increase her attractions, she was accompanied by half-a-dozen children — there might have been more — all of whom were busily engaged in the mastication of certain dark-colored sweetmeats, with which their cheeks and fingers were horribly tattooed.

Before I could concert any measures for my escape from this awful visitation, the Periwinkle steamer, with its sturdy and bluff-looking commander on the paddle-box, came alongside, and the first object that caught my attention, among the steerage passengers, was Miss Penelope Phipps, accompanied by a thin elderly gentleman, in a straw hat and nankeen gaiters, who politely held a parasol over those interesting features, which he regarded with a tenderness out of all proportion to his age and infirmities.

Here was a dilemma! Penelope before me — behind, that miserable woman who called herself my lawful and inestimable wife! I was pent up between two hostile forces — resistance useless — retreat impossible. I was just beginning to perspire at every pore, when the six pledges of affection just alluded to, suddenly clapping their hands, with triumphant joy exclaimed, "There's Captain Rowbottom — hooray!" Scarcely had this startling announcement reached my ears, when Captain Rowbottom, a corpulent, purple-nosed, big-whiskered man, in a blue jacket, and a polished leather hat, and wearing a galvanic ring on his rosy little finger, turned round, and recognizing the juvenile congregation, he sprung from his paddle-box on to the dumb-lighter, and, in another instant, was locked in the embrace of that infatuated female, to whom he would on the previous day have been united in the holy bands of wedlock, but for those malignant vapors which delayed his arrival at the place of assignation, and rendered me his unconscious representative.

"Vast heaving!" cried the captain, panting for breath, and striving to disengage himself from the chubby arms of his betrothed; "cheer up, Molly — cheer up, my little vater-lily — just let go the yard-arm. Half-turn-a-head! — Ease her!"

This last injunction was addressed to me, but paralyzed by the nature of my situation, I was incompetent to afford the required assistance, and between us the unhappy woman slid downwards on the deck, while Rowbottom regarded

me with such a scowl, for my ungallant inhumanity, as I could only compare to Kean, in Sir Giles Overreach.

"Oh, Henery!" sobbed the ex-widow, addressing Captain R., "why — why didn't you come to Mary-bone Church? — didn't I not wait for a whole hour to give you my nuptial vow?"

"Tide was agin me," replied Captain Rowbottom, heaving a sigh of twenty tons burthen from his manly chest, "and afore I got to Pickleherring Stairs my biler busted."

A spasm — a bitter spasm — contracted the oleaginous features of Widow M'Ree. The captain grew pale as a gooseberry.

"Henry," said the ex-widow, with an impressive and agonizing look, "I'm the wictim of misplaced confidence — that fog has given me to another."

"Vot other?" demanded the captain, while his herculean frame was convulsed with indignation.

"To him with the sandy whiskers," replied the ex-widow, pointing at my miserable self.

I cannot describe — no mortal writer could — the rapid and appalling events which ensued upon this announcement. Suddenly, with the rapidity of thought, I felt my collar grappled by the horny hands of Captain Rowbottom; there was a struggle — a determined but most unequal struggle — there were shrieks — piercing shrieks from the ladies on deck, and cheers, lusty cheers, from the coal-whippers on shore — we were on the edge of the dumb-lighter, and in another instant we tumbled headlong into the nauseous flood. There was a rush of impure water down my throat — I kicked — I roared — I sunk — consciousness was fast failing me, when fortunately the drags of the Royal Humane Society arrested the process of gravitation. I was drawn up to the surface like an exhausted Barbel, and, overcome by thankfulness for my preservation, I fainted away.

When sensibility returned, I found myself extended on the floor of the saloon of the Periwinkle steamer. No one was near me, but a lady and gentleman were sitting at the end of the apartment, in close and apparently loving conversation.

I raised my aching head and recognized Miss Phipps, and the elderly gentleman in the straw hat and nankeen gaiters.

"Penelope!" I murmured, as soon as the removal of foreign substances from my windpipe would admit of distinct articulation.

She heard me not. Her hand was locked in that of her attenuated protector, and with averted eyes, she smiled as she was wont, when we sat together after tea in the arbour of Cremorne House — when I spoke like Othello of most

disastrous chances — when she loved me for the dangers I had passed (in my daily progress to and from the "Woods and Forests"), and I loved her that she did pity them.

Hearing some one descending the companion-ladder, I made another essay to arrest Penelope's attention.

"Miss Phipps," I said, in a voice broken with emotion, "do not forsake me in these trying moments; pray don't."

The elderly gentleman in the straw hat and nankeen gaiters approached me, and assisting me to rise, he said, with great civility, "You called that lady by her wrong name, sir — there is no such person as Miss Phipps in this place — allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Timothy Freebone."

I subsequently discovered that Penelope (my lost one) had, that morning, bestowed her hand upon this slender old gentleman, in the straw hat and nankeen gaiters, who, for some time previously, had been a solitary lodger at Belle-Vue House, and up to the period of my fatal blunder had sued and sighed most perseveringly, but in vain.

What became of the big woman to whom my troth had been so mysteriously plighted, I know not, but on enquiry of the curate of Mary-le-bone, I found that Captain Rowbottom had waited upon him to know whether the union "stood good in law;" and on being informed that it did not, in consequence of the ceremony being incomplete by the parties omitting to sign their names in the parochial register, intimated his intention to lead Mrs. Mary M'Ree, widow, to the altar on the ensuing Sunday — an engagement which, I doubt not, he duly and faithfully performed.

The union of Miss Phipps with Mr. Freebone having been advertised in the "Post," I was at once relieved from the annoyance which impelled me to grasp at that knotty branch of ecclesiastical law, a suit of "Jactitation," whose nature and properties are, I fancy, involved in as great obscurity as the tragical event to which I was indebted for my knowledge of its existence, namely, "The Wedding in the fog."

— *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

ENGLISH ADVENTURE IN BORNEO.

Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes, down to the Occupation of Labuan. From the Journals of James Brooke, Esq. With a Narrative of the Expedition of H. M. S. Iris. By CAPTAIN RODNEY MUNDY, R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1848.

The islands of the Indian Archipelago have lately attracted a considerable share of public attention. What was formerly a *terra incognita*, is now an every-day topic. Works upon the geography, manners, customs, religion, and resources of the Eastern Archipelago are daily multiplying, while the interest of the subject increases as each new light is thrown upon it, and a deeper insight obtained into those hitherto little explored regions. The public will owe a deep debt of gratitude to every new author appearing upon the scene; for the more widely knowledge is diffused, the greater will be the advantages accruing from the gradual advance of British enterprise among those, until now, almost untrodden spots lying in the further East, where nature appears to develop every conceivable form of beauty and magnificence. Vast islands, shallow seas, and intricate channels meet the eye in every direction; while the ocean is bordered by shores, now belted in by towering cliffs,

and now clothed to the water's edges with luxuriant verdure.

Borneo itself, second in size to but one island in the whole world, presents almost every feature characteristic of the tropics. Broad prairies, forests of immeasurable extent, and undulating sweeps of jungle, present themselves in succession, while lofty ridges of mountains rib the whole surface of the island. No country in the world affords more various and valuable materials of commerce. Sixty different species of timber have already been discovered, some of which is of so hard and durable a nature that it resists for ages the effects of air and water; and, what is still more extraordinary, the white ant, so destructive to almost every kind of wood, exerts no influence upon it. The forests of Borneo would supply the materials for the fleets of the most powerful maritime nations; whilst minerals of every description are found in abundance, together with every variety of the vegetable kingdom and many useful animals.

The public has, by this time, become pretty familiar with the history of the English Rajah of Sarawak's first entrance and subsequent establishment in Borneo. In Captain Keppel's admirable work, we were presented with details concerning the manner in which, by his earnest coöperation with the Sultan of Brunei against

the rebel tribes, he so won upon the confidence of the uncultivated and ignorant monarch, as to induce him to raise him to the rank he now holds. These circumstances it is not by any means our present intention to dwell upon; our object being to convey some idea of events not included in Captain Keppel's late work, but which, however, relate—in part, at least—to the same period, though the rest of the narrative brings us down to a much later date.

The work which forms the basis of the present article is of a very valuable kind, and throws considerable light upon the present condition of the Archipelago. The English rajah, whose extraordinary career the public has been long contemplating, has here thrown together, in the pleasing and interesting form of a diary, a mass of the most curious and novel information, illustrated by a series of anecdotes of the most animated description, and adventures, such as it has fallen to the lot of few men to encounter. Indeed, the vast amount of curiosity concerning Insular Asia, which is at present springing up in the mind of all intelligent persons, may be said to trace its origin to the publication of Captain Keppel's work, which still enjoys an extended popularity. The present narrative will be welcomed, if possible, still more warmly, by all who take an interest in the proceedings of our countrymen in the Indian Archipelago.

The account of the island of Celebes, which has been visited by but few explorers, is curious in the extreme. Much difficulty had to be encountered ere Mr. Brooke could obtain an interview with any of the men in authority there. However, this was at length brought about; and the Rajah Pangawa, of Pallettè province, gave audience to the English traveller. We extract a portion of the conversation which took place between them:—

“What pleasure could you take in coming so far?”

“I replied that it was difficult for him to understand how much Englishmen liked going to different places—that all Englishmen travelled; many, like myself, kept vessels to visit foreign countries.

“Do you receive any pay?”

“No.”

“Do you trade?”

“No.”

“When in England you trade?”

“No.”

“How do you live then?”

“I have a fortune of my own.”

“Then you must be a relation of the queen’s?”

“I have not that honor.”

“Which is the stronger nation, England or Holland?”

“Certainly,” I replied, “England.”

“Are they friends?”

“Yes.”

The dialogue proceeded for some time much in the same strain, displaying in every word the extraordinarily crude notions entertained by these barbarians concerning our manners and institutions, and aptly illustrating the fact, so often remarked, that all discussions of the same kind invariably turn upon the relative power of Great Britain and the other states of Christendom.

When this interview was over, Mr. Brooke proceeded without further difficulty towards the interior, with the intention of visiting the renowned cavern of Mambo, of which the most extraordinary accounts had reached the ears of the traveller.

This intention was, however, not carried into effect until some time after, when Mr. Brooke held another interview with some native chiefs at Doping, a village situated upon a pretty but small stream. The following description will best represent its position to the reader:—

“The village of Doping is situated at the verge of the grassy plain which stretches as far as the eye can reach in every direction, and, as I have before observed, terminates towards the sea in low mangrove swamps. Here may be seen the formation of land from the time it emerges from the sea at low water, through its progressive stages. First, the low sand-bank; next, the young mangrove shoots sprouting out in the sterile and water-covered soil; thirdly, the twisted roots of the same tree, exposed to the action of the tides, freshness and verdure above, but without resting-place for man’s foot; fourthly, the gradual accumulation of the soil amid the mangrove roots, and the trees large and of many years’ growth; fifthly, the soil, emerging above high-water mark, gives nourishment to a few other trees and shrubs besides the mangroves; lastly, the full-grown forest, or bare plain, as it were by man’s intervention, presents itself.”

Mr. Brooke now lays before the reader an account of the government and institutions of the people of Wajo, in which he descends to particulars too minute to dwell upon in our present paper. The details are extremely interesting, and disclose curious pictures of the manners and customs of the wild tribes inhabiting the island of Celebes. The visit which Mr. Brooke paid to this almost unknown island is not to be considered as one made merely for pleasure. Suffering our thoughts to penetrate into the dim future, we are led to hope that when the English rajah first set his foot upon the soil of Celebes, he carried with him the germs of a civilization whose influence will be co-extensive with the duration of the globe itself. For, when once curiosity is excited, it will not slumber; and when the first necessary means for ensuring

tranquillity and furthering the interests of commerce shall have been put in motion, Mr. Brooke will doubtless turn his attention to this remarkable island. From Doping he travelled on to Tesora, the capital of Wajo, where we are presented with a lively picture of the curiosity of the inhabitants, not always manifested in the way most pleasing to Europeans. The travellers retired to the house where they were to take up their station, but they were unable to close the doors against the multitude. They were surrounded with people; whilst without, a dense mob was collected, staring with all their eyes at the manner in which the party fed. Mr. Brooke and his companions tried to sleep; but were quietly roused from their slumbers by groups of peering men and women, who stooped down to examine their faces, and investigate the curious formation of their features.

Mr. Brooke had now an opportunity of becoming initiated into many of the customs of these untutored savages, who nevertheless display many noble qualities amidst much cunning and often cruelty. The condition of women is free from restraint; and the higher order enjoy as easy and luxurious a life as is compatible with their ideas.

The roving life led by Mr. Brooke while in Celebes — its unceasing changes, its adventurous hazard — was admirably adapted to his enthusiastic spirit. We perceive from several passages in his journal, the mind and character of the man break forth. Vigorous and daring, he blends the most indomitable energy and perseverance with the richest qualities of the heart; and his feelings, in the midst of excitement, danger, and novelty, turn back upon his native land with ever-renewed buoyancy and freshness.

"What life can exceed this in delight? Roving from place to place, amid a friendly population, every want cared for — the day producing fresh store of information and pleasure. Our bird-stuffers in full employment; Murray with his charts, Theylingen with his gun and insect-bag; myself with my journal, or what is worse, entertaining rajahs.

"The sun now sinks over the blue hills of Si Dendring, and as I gaze on him, I think of the Isle of the West — our native land. What son has she in a wilder land? Friends, dear friends, I think upon you, too — the binding-link to my country; and I wish for some magic power to enable me to bring the scene and place before our eyes and minds. The lake and distant mountains, the dingy bamboo-house, the dark figures seated around me as I write, the slaughtered birds, the scattered arms, the reclining figures of my shipmates, the touch of evening over the landscape, and the blazing grass on the distant plains — all this is easily enumerated, but not described. It is not the beauty of the scene,

but its effects, which strike. The wild land, the distant clime — the uncertainty — the novelty of the life, and its very simplicity. As the light fades, I close my journal, retire from the window, spread my mat, and soon shall lose all consciousness of the labors and pleasures of the day in sleep."

Ever alive to the beauties of nature, we find Mr. Brooke, a few pages after, presenting us with the following sweet little picture: —

"Crossed the lake to Wattareh. One field of large, brilliant water-lilies extended for four or five miles, presenting the lovely contrast of white flowers and fresh, dark-green leaves, on a magnificent scale. On the leaves we found some nests of the aquatic birds, with which the lake abounds, and the birds themselves ran over and swam amid the flowers."

Though we cannot allow ourselves space to dwell much longer upon the excursion to Celebes, one or two interesting details remain still to be mentioned. In the same island in different towns, customs the most opposite prevail. While in one village, under the rule of an honest and upright nakodah, the greatest peace prevails, in another all is riot and confusion; the laws are disregarded, and the authority of the chief set at defiance. A striking example of this difference is shown in the following extract: —

"A follower of the Rajah Karain, who had assumed the character of a physician, came to the house of a relative of the nakodah, and after sitting some time in converse with the lady of the house, said, 'I wish you would let somebody carry my bundle to Nepoh, where I am going' (Nepoh was about three miles off). The poor woman immediately said, 'My nephew shall do it for you;' and the boy, about ten years of age, went up with the pretended physician, as was thought, to Nepoh. Some days, however, elapsing, and the boy not coming back, his aunt grew uneasy, and setting some inquiries on foot, found that the man he had gone with was at Tempe. On being applied to, the miscreant coolly replied, that the boy came back the same evening — the real fact being that he had sold him as a slave, no one knew where. Under these circumstances, the nakodah applied to me to use my influence with the datu Lampola, in order to recover the boy, and I immediately applied to him, and received the fullest assurance, that if the boy was alive, he should be found. A week, however, passing, and no news being obtained, I renewed my instances more warmly; and urged that, if the man would not disclose what he had done with the boy, he ought to be put in confinement. Such plain dealing appeared, however, to be out of the question, for he was a follower of the Aru Karain. On further inquiry, I learnt that the very rascal who had stolen and sold the boy, had been sent to repurchase him

with twenty-five reals of the datu's money. I was ill-satisfied at the time; but had afterwards the satisfaction of learning from the nakodah the intelligence that the poor boy, who had been sold in Si Dendring, was to return home immediately."

After various incidents and adventures, the party at length determined to put into execution the long-cherished project of visiting the cave of Mampo, after having obtained leave from the neighbouring chief. The shadow of disappointment fell upon Mr. Brooke's mind, before he set out upon his journey. He had been so accustomed to the exaggerated accounts of the natives in various other matters, that he scarcely dared to trust to them in this. The exploring party, however, set out, and cruised up a stream until they obtained a distant view of the flat-topped and woody hill of Mampo, upon which was situated the wished-for haven. The first glance at the opening of the cave, when reached, destroyed some of the rajah's hopes of discovering any remains of ancient religion within its precincts:

"The cave expands into a lofty hall, dropping with the fantastic forms of numerous stalactites. The rest is soon told. Mampo cave is a production of nature, and the various halls and passages exhibit all the multitude of beautiful forms with which nature adorns her works. Pillars, and shafts, and fret-work—many of the most dazzling white—adorn the roofs, or support them, and the ceaseless progress of the work is still going forward, and presenting all figures in gradual formation. The top of the cave, here and there fallen in, gives gleams of the most picturesque light, whilst trees and creepers, growing from the fallen masses, shoot up to the level above, and add a charm to the scene. Yet I was greatly disappointed, and enjoyed the sight less than I should otherwise have done."

The country about this place was extremely picturesque and beautiful; the banks of the rivers presenting perfect gardens to the eye; the mango, the plantains, cocoa-nuts, hung in dense luxuriance; large tracts of richly cultivated land, stretching away to the right and to the left, here and there dotted with detached houses or hamlets. Quitting these scenes, Mr. Brooke resumes his voyage down the coast, witnessing, in his progress, the most magnificent scenery, both inland and on the coast. Bold wooded hills, with high mountains behind, bays, valleys, islands in the midst of the bluest waters, and lofty white cliffs, all combine at intervals to form landscapes infinitely varied and picturesque. At the close of his six months' expedition along the coast and in the interior of Celebes, Mr. Brooke might well look back with satisfaction upon his accomplishments. He had not hastily scoured over a vast tract of country, and imperfectly surveyed its coast; was not satisfied with obtaining

a superficial knowledge of its inhabitants, but had been at the pains to obtain the most accurate information, and an intimate acquaintance with the greater portion of the Bugis countries. The chart he made of this voyage comprises from Bonthian to Amboyna shoal, including the bay of Boni, though it was found impracticable to complete the survey in the short limits of six months. The party had gained the summit of Lumpu Batang, a high mountain never before reached, had laid down, with great accuracy, the Bugis country, included between the mountain range extending from Lumpu Batang to Lati-mojong. The territory of Wajo had been explored, and an intimate acquaintance formed with its rivers, towns, lakes, and boundaries. Mr. Brooke had lived among the people, shared in their amusements, and the reader will find that he has minutely detailed the habits, manners, mode of life, and institutions of the inhabitants of Celebes.

Mr. Brooke now remained at Singapore a few months, to refit his vessel, and endeavour to recruit his health. He sailed on his second visit to Sarawak early in August, 1840, and at the end of that month anchored off that land. He was cordially received by the Rajah Muda Hassim, but the rebellion there remained unsubdued. It was at this period, that Muda Hassim offered to make over to Mr. Brooke the government of Sarawak, with its revenues and trade. We have previously entered upon the account of these proceedings in a former article;* and though our information was not so full as it is now, it would still be superfluous entirely to recapitulate these circumstances in the present paper.

We are next presented with an interesting account of the different tribes inhabiting the island of Borneo. The investigation of their habits and modes of thought affords an almost inexhaustible theme for reflection. At every step we become more impressed with the crude and uninformed notions of these wild, yet sometimes demi-civilized, hordes of men. The following extract displays some of their ideas concerning religion:—

"These detail the principal questions put to Sagama, a Bakar Diak chief, a man of intelligence, who spoke Malay with moderate fluency.

"Did he know anything of God (Allah *tela*)?"

"No."

"Did his tribe believe that any one lived in the clouds?"

"Yes; Tupa lived there."

"Who sent thunder, lightning, and rain?"

"Tupa."

"Did they ever pray to Tupa, or offer sacrifice?"

"No."

* No. 160—April, 1846.

"When a man dies, what do they do with his body?"

"They burn it."

"Where do the dead go after they are buried?"

"To Sabyan."

"Where is Sabyan?"

"Under the earth."

"Where is his father gone?"

"To Sabyan. All the Dyak men and women who are dead, are under the ground in Sabyan."

"How will they stay at Sabyan?"

"Don't know."

"When he dies, will he meet his father?"

"Yes; and his mother, and all the people."

"Are they happy in Sabyan?"

"Yes, very happy."

"If a man was wicked, would he go to Sabyan?"

"Yes, but to another place and he would not be happy."

Thus we see the germs of an undeveloped idea of heaven, and eternal punishment faintly dawning upon the mind of the savage. Ere long, the progress of civilization in the farther East will cause Christianity to be diffused far and near, and the knee, that never yet stooped but to offer an idolatrous sacrifice, to bend in prayer, in accordance with that pure form of worship which Christ taught to his disciples. Mr. Brooke now started upon an expedition up the Sadong river, in his own long-boat, and a few native canoes, with the view of visiting a large lake up the country. The first place of disembarkation was Sangi, a pleasant spot, where provisions were plentiful and cheap. The datu, or chief, received the party warmly, furnished them with a capital home, and the best of cheer. Here they remained until the afternoon of the next day, when they passed on to the last Dyak village on the stream, and moored at night beyond the limits of population. Near the anchorage was a podada tree, covered with fireflies, flashing and glancing, until the stronger light of the moon extinguished their tiny radiance. This podada is the ornament of most of the river-banks; the foliage is of a light green color, remarkably elegant. To behold these trees illuminated by the fireflies, in countless numbers, is a most enchanting sight, as it resembles a display of fireworks, by the constant motion of the light. On the Samaharan, each side of the river is often lit by a blaze of these beautiful little insects.

In this excursion, Mr. Brooke had to contend against the determined obstinacy of the natives. They threw every possible obstacle in his way, and sought to impede his progress by magnifying the dangers he would have to encounter, the difficulty of ascending the stream, the time it would take, &c. But, in spite of the remonstrances and entreaties of the pangerans, the

party determined to proceed, and replying to their objections with the utmost urbanity, smoothing down every obstacle by plausible speeches, the rajah continued his journey up the gradually-contracting stream, between rows of the rasow-tam of the Malays, which sprang up on either hand. The principal charms of such excursions were by no means wanting upon this occasion.

Smooth waters and strong currents setting in the right direction, do not create the same enthusiasm as is created by hard pulls and tedious labor in forcing the boat through narrow channels, with obstacles continually interposing in the shape of drifted wood and matted grass, so interwoven as to form floating islands. These were frequently met with, and the water itself, instead of increasing in force, slackened as they ascended, until it suddenly became still and motionless. Now they entered the confines of a forest; and the deep, narrow bed of the river, unable to confine the waters, suffered them to overflow their banks and inundate the country far and near. This must have formed a very picturesque scene—the large boat, towed up by four small canoes, gliding stealthily among the still waters, reflecting on either hand the dark mass of the boundless forest; the trunks of hundreds of trees surrounded by glittering wavelets; the partial light; the wild costume of the swarthy natives, and the more elegant form and dress of the Europeans, all blended together, formed a striking picture. Through vistas in the trees, Mr. Brooke obtained glimpses of the distant hills towards which he was journeying; and thus cheered on, the party renewed their exertions, and about evening, reached the welcome precincts of a Dyak settlement, where they halted for the night. Before retiring to rest, Mr. Brooke made acquaintance with the Dyak chief, whose people are a branch of the extensive and scattered tribe of the Sibuyow. The greater part of them have lately come from their former location on the Sadong, after the death of their chief. Their home is secluded, and accessible only by the stream up which Mr. Brooke made his way. The next day the journey towards the lake was renewed; but scarcely had they proceeded ten minutes, when some of the party descried amid the branches of a high tree, the mias pappan, or "Wild man of Borneo," sitting looking down at them with a mixture of curiosity and alarm. Startled by the stroke of the paddles, and the disturbed ripple of the waters, he made off before any one could land. A hot pursuit commenced, the animal showing himself from time to time as he slowly passed from tree to tree, while the party struggled through the jungle beneath.

"Having then crossed a slight ridge of ele-

vated ground, we were stopped by the dark, deep, ugly-looking swamp, and the chase likewise paused, and from the top of a tree kept up an occasional grunting bark. Our hesitation was only momentary, for throwing off my trousers and shoes (which I afterwards repented), I took water, followed by Rajah Ali, and many Malays and Dyaks, and soon found myself struggling up to the shoulders, with the rifle in one hand and the ammunition in the other. As we advanced a little, the water luckily shoaled to the waist, and I had time to look for game, which was stationary in the position he had taken when last seen. Rajah Ali was by my side, and firing together, at about forty-five yards, it was evident that one or both balls had taken effect, for the huge monster went more and more slowly from one tree to another, whilst we kept loading and firing as fast as our situation allowed; then, wading here and there, we enjoyed the full excitement of the chase. The wood rang with shots, and the shouts of the Dyaks, as, waving their spears and brandishing their swords, they rushed from one spot to another, to gain a view of the devoted brute. At length a fortunate shot from my rifle through his head, brought him from the summit of a tree, crashing through the branches with a heavy splash into the water. The chase was finished. The height of the animal was four feet one inch, and it was said not to be a large one."

The burying-ground of the Dyaks, a remarkable spot lying upon a slightly elevated ridge near the channel, was next visited. Tall trees shaded the graves, which, covered each with bundles of sticks, told of the rank of the dead, by bearing above the scabbard of their swords, their arms, rings, and other light ornaments; while over those of the women were hung their waist-rings of rattan. A jar of water and food were placed at the head and foot of each, and in a hole amid the burying-place were seen two skulls, which evidently belonged to some persons accidentally disinterred. An evident disinclination to remain in the precincts of the abode of death was manifested by the Dyaks, where those rested who had associated with them in life, and now belonged, as they supposed, to a region far below the earth.

Once more re-embarking, the party pulled on, and soon reached the lake, a clear gem of water, about five miles long, and from one to two broad, surrounded by woods and mountains. From this point the scenery is very fine. To the right and to the left lofty ridges of hills stretch away, whose slopes are clothed with the finest timber, while small mounds rise here and there, covered with luxuriant verdure. The party now fell in with a tribe of Balow Dyaks. The pangerans who accompanied Mr. Brooke declared they were a treacherous set, by whom he would be murdered, if he persevered in his

intention of proceeding. To these remonstrances, however, he paid little attention; but pushing forward, soon found himself amongst them, and discovered they were sufficiently harmless. In appearance they resemble the Sibuyows, and their dialect is more nearly akin to that of the Malays than any other. They are friends with the Sibuyows, but at deadly feud with the Sarebas Dyaks, for whom they were then preparing to set out. Another exciting day was now spent in hunting the mias, of which a female rembi was killed, while the young one at her breast was captured alive. Shortly after, the following scene took place:—

"Whilst employed in taking these bearings, word was brought of more ourang-outangs, so off I set, forgetting geography in the ardor of sport. It was, to my disappointment, another female rembi, with her young. The young one was shot in the arms of the parent, which, when severely wounded, let it go; then twisting the boughs into a nest, quietly seated herself, and in a short time expired, without falling, and causing us considerable trouble to get her down, for the tree was lofty and difficult to climb, and the Dyaks did not show the expertness I expected."

Few will be inclined, probably, to sympathize with us, when we own that we regard with infinite horror the hunting and slaying of the ourang-outang, whether of Borneo or of any other land. It is, though frightful in the extreme, the nearest approach to humanity amongst the animal creation, and we therefore regard its hunting-down as a cruel sport. The mode employed by the natives in capturing this animal is curious:—

"Having discovered the animal in a tree, they approach without disturbing him, and as quietly as possible cut down all the trees round the one he is in. Being previously provided with poles, some with nooses attached to the ends, and others forked, they fell the insulated tree, and the mias, confused and entangled, is beat by his pursuers, noosed, forked down, and made captive."

On the travellers' way back, they halted at Senangé, where they passed the night in a very primitive manner. After a supper of rice cakes and hot and cold water, they went to rest; and we cannot do better than present our readers with Mr. Brooke's own account of the interior of the dwelling-place:—

"After our repast, we retired to our host's private apartment, and some nice mats were spread for our bed. In one corner of the room lay the chief and his lady, screened from view by a curtain. We occupied the centre of the apartment, and the other corner was filled with the household. . . . The sword and shield of the chief hung near his bed's head, and their

simple household furniture and implements were suspended around; but we had no heads to complete the description, or to excite the ordinary feelings of superstitious horror at being among a wild Diak community. I rose from my mat, in order to inspect the long room or gallery, and there found the men and boys stretched on the bamboo floor, covered with their clothes, formed from the bark of the Ippu tree. A few, more wakeful than the rest, raised their heads as I walked past them; and, having taken a glance by the expiring flames of the damar torches, sank back again to slumber without disturbing my promenade. They keep no watch, and trust to their dogs to warn them of the approach of enemies. Their home is partially fortified with logs of trees, and they live always in expectation of an attack from their implacable foes of Sarebas. Having satisfied my curiosity, I returned to my couch, stretched myself with a feeling of secure satisfaction, and, whilst the drowsy god flitted over my eyelids, the plumes of the Argus pheasant, which ornamented the sword of the Dyak chief, waved to and fro, and assumed many fantastic shapes, till my senses were lost in sweet oblivion. The next morning, a breakfast of dry rice, hard-boiled eggs, and hot water—the last I changed for cold—was placed before us at seven o'clock."

The excursion into the interior was now ended, and in its course Mr. Brooke had gained an immense amount of novel and useful information, which is valuable to all, but more especially so to him, as ruler over a portion of the very tribe, some of whose scattered branches he had been visiting. On his return to Sarawak, the state of affairs was by no means pleasing. Makota had been intriguing, and had set on foot a mission to inquire into the prospects of trade between Samba and Sarawak. In the west, a terrible incursion had been made by the wild Diaks of Sakarran into the territory of Sarawak, burning and destroying the weak tribes, and carrying off the children and women into captivity and slavery. All these things had to be remedied, and Mr. Brooke set about his task with determination and energy. Some few months after, the government of Sarawak was formally delivered into Mr. Brooke's hands, and he began to institute a code of laws, which were forthwith carried into effect. Before entering upon the more brilliant and shining portions of the work, we must make one more extract from Mr. Brooke's journal, descriptive of his visit to Santah Cottage, near a stream famous for its diamond mines, which only require to be worked to yield incalculable riches to the possessor:—

Santah Cottage, Feb. 4, 1842.—I am here on my first visit to my farm at this place. The cottage is situated at the junction of the Santah stream with the I-ft-hand river. The latter is highly picturesque the whole way from Ledah-

Tannah, with high banks, clear water, occasional rocks, and a varied and abundant vegetation, and at Santah are all these characters, and the landscape one of sylvan beauty. The small stream of Santah, however, is yet more beautiful in my eyes, rushing along its pebbly bed, and over-arched with melancholy boughs, that admit the tropical sun only in fluttering rays. The scene resembles the Dargle, in the county Wicklow, but is far more luxuriant and rich in foliage. Santah Cottage stands on a slight eminence on the river's edge; and the farm, as yet, presents only about three acres, covered with brushwood and huge trees felled, but numerous fruit trees (Darien and Landset) have been spared, and still adorn the prospect. The cottage is about twenty-four feet square, with two stories, and the walls composed of split bamboo entwined, which, for the climate, is sufficient defence, and not liable, like the leaves, to accidents from fire. A small nursery of mace and nutmegs, some figs, &c., are thriving very well; and I hope soon to add the coffee-tree, the areca palus, or betel-nut, and the cocoa-nut. A second cottage, which is to be called Fairy Knoll, is in progress, with a cleared space as big as Santah, and distant scarce half a mile; and at this second cottage is to be the diamond mine. The Santah river is famous for its diamonds, and I really believe they abound. . . . On the whole, I am delighted with Santah; it is picturesque and beautiful, and a place where I can retire with pleasure to enjoy solitude and nature. One particular I had nearly forgotten to mention, which is a warm spring in a creek not far from Fairy Knoll. The water is lukewarm. I have not tried it yet by the thermometer; but I could perceive no medicinal property, in taste or smell, if anything, it is slightly chalybeate. There is a tree here which the natives call Kapullah—a hard wood, with a most fragrant smell, and the essential oil of which would be equal to the far-famed Kayu Putih. The natives use it for ship-building, and I conceive it might be employed advantageously in many ways. Near the cottage a large ara tree has been felled, and close by stands a Darien tree, two parts of the trunk of which are entwined by a large creeper, or rather by a succession of creepers, which are the commencement of the ara tree!"

The suppression of piracy is a subject of so vast an extent, and one so intimately connected with the progress of civilization in the Indian seas, that it has become associated with the very question of Borneo itself. When the mind turns to the consideration of that island, the position of our countryman there, the hopes which are opened up by the anticipations of his success, it naturally recurs to the pirates who infest the bays, and creeks, and channels throughout the whole length and breadth of the Archipelago, impeding the progress of trade, and damming up those strong currents which set in favor of the diffusion of commerce, and are destined to carry the comforts and luxuries of civilization into the homes

of the wild inhabitants of those vast but unconnected chains of islands extending from the shoals of Malacca far out into the stormy China seas.

Much has been already done towards attaining the desired end, but no exertion can be regarded as too great, in order to extirpate this scourge from around those beautiful and fertile islands, which promise to yield in abundance every variety of rich and valuable produce — diamonds, gold dust, antimony ore, rock crystal, pearls, tin, copper, ebony, timber, rattans, sandal wood, edible bird's-nests, trepang, atar atar damner, gambier, gutta percha, bees'-wax, indigo, camphor, spices, odoriferous gums, pepper, clove-bark, coffee, cotton, rice, sago, grain of every description, and sugar of the finest kind. From an enumeration of these articles it is impossible to conjecture the valuable nature of this vast group of islands, some of which are now developing their riches for the first time before the eyes of Europeans. Nature is prodigal of her attractions throughout this extraordinary portion of the globe, but more especially so in Borneo. Mountains of Alpine loftiness rise towering to the sky; broad plains, covered with long, fine grass; slopes wooded with valuable timber; while deep, broad valleys, clothed with the richest verdure, slope down to the banks of noble rivers, fringed with dark foliage of every hue and kind. Now the massive branches of a broad spreading tree overshadow the waves, reflecting the gnarled and knotted branches in its surface; and now the willow, with its slender boughs and trembling leaves, stoops forward and kisses the waves as they ripple by, awakened to swifter motion by the stroke of the paddle, as the light canoe glides in the mellowed light from spot to spot, while the rich sun sinks behind the blue mountains of the west, and leaves its golden shadows still lingering upon the twilight. We seem transported, while we read, to the scene of oriental romance. The Bornean twilight closes in upon every variety of scenery. The broad, still lake receives the beams of the declining sun; the slope of rugged hills, the summits of cloud-capped mountains, the broad prairie, all reflect its rays, while tall and spreading trees, and flowery shrubs, are gilded with its beams. In such scenes as this, enlivened by the excitement of midnight *a'ta* ks, and brilliant encounters with the pirates, Mr. Brooke may be imagined to pass his life. And who would not feel inclined to share with him his perils and his dangers, in order to share some portion of the fame with which succeeding generations will encompass his name?

Shortly after Mr. Brooke's return from one of his excursions up the interior, a Dyak fleet of pirates assembled at the mouths of the Morata-

bas river, and he determined to set out to attack them. In the Buntal river they received intelligence of a party having passed two days before, and Mr. Brooke suspected that they belonged to the notorious pirate Budrudeen and Sheriff Abu Bakar. In the dark a few guns were fired upon them, as a warning that they had better desist from the pursuit. The next day they heard that Budrudeen was at Siru, and his accomplice at Talang-Talang, so that the party divided into two divisions, Mr. Brooke proceeding with the portion of the fleet to the latter place, and Tumangong and Orang Kaya Tumangong went to Siru. In the evening, a messenger from this place to Mr. Brooke reported that the notorious pirate was assuredly there with eight followers, his band ashore, and he living in a house in the village. Abu Bakar was at Talang-Talang with a crew of fifteen men, a small boat, and a huge long six-pounder in her. The Tumangong showed a disinclination to proceed further in the enterprise in which he was engaged, as he dreaded the consequences. Mr. Brooke was therefore compelled to send the Patingis against Budrudeen, to catch him if possible, and if not, to kill him; while he himself informed Abu Bakar that he had no discussion to hold with him, but that death inevitably awaited his accomplice and followers, among whom was an Illanun Panglima. This brother Illanun, on hearing this announcement, wept, and declared that if Mr. Brooke singled him out, without also putting to death the Pangeran and his brother-in-law, it would be unjust. For comfort, the rajah informed them that he would assuredly attend to their wishes in this respect, and then set sail for Siru. The account of the deaths of the Illanun and Budrudeen we subjoin. An example was required to convince the pirates that Mr. Brooke's authority was not to be set at defiance; but nevertheless, when we contemplate the courageous manner in which these desperate men met their death, we cannot wholly stifle a sentiment of commiseration.

"Arrived at Siru, I found the patingis waiting till the pangerans and the Illanun panglima came to the beach; and to prevent suspicion, my party kept close in the boat, where I could observe what was passing without. The pangerans and Illanun walked down, both well armed, and the latter dressed out with a variety of charms. Once on the beach, retreat was impossible, for our people surrounded them, though without committing any hostile act. The suspicion of the two was raised, and it was curious to observe their different demeanours. The Borneo pangeran remained quiet, silent, motionless; a child might have taken him in. The Magandanao Illanun lashed himself to desperation: flourishing his spear in one hand, and the other on the handle

of his sword, he defied those collected about him. He danced his war-dance on the sand; his face became deadly pale; his wild eyes glared; he was ready to *amok*, or die, but not to die alone. The time was come, for he was dangerous, and to catch him was impossible; and, accordingly, Patingi Ali, walking past, leaped forward, and struck a spear through his back, far between his shoulders, half a foot out at his breast. I had no idea after such a thrust a man could even for a few instants exert himself; but the panglima, after receiving his mortal wound, rushed forward with his spear, and thrust at the breast of another man; but strength and life failed, and the weapon did not enter. This was the work of a few seconds. When the blow was dealt we started from our concealment, and the Borneo pangeran, without ever drawing his sword, fled, our people not molesting him. I prevented any atrocities being committed on the body of the criminal; and, wrapped in my sheet, he was decently interred according to the usages of El Islam. The pangeran, in the meantime, had escaped to a house, where, with seven followers, he threatened a desperate resistance. I despatched a messenger to say, that I would take him to Sarawak, and guarantee his safety so far; but he positively refused. As the day was fast declining, my second message was to inform him, if he did not come down to the beach, I should attack his house; and on receiving this message, and seeing our state of preparation, he yielded to law, and the whole crew was shipped aboard the Tumangong's boat. The flood-tide making at ten at night, and the boats getting afloat, we passed from Siru, the entrance to which is dangerous for boats, and pulled for Samatan, where we brought up at about one in the morning, after a very busy day.

"At nine A. M. we reached our wharf, conferred, through Williamson, with Muda Hassim, who was resolute about putting the rascals to death. However, I suggested to him that the example of the pangeran would suffice for the ends of justice. He added another—the pangeran's brother-in-law. About one, the pirate Budrudeen was taken across the water to the house of his own relatives, who were present, and had previously consented to his death, and there strangled by pangeran Bakire. The mode of execution is *refined*. The prisoner is placed under thick mosquito-curtains, and the cord twisted from behind. The criminal, it is said, kept repeating 'What! am I to be put to death for only killing the Chinese? Mercy! mercy!' His brother-in-law was krissed by a follower of the rajah inside a house. His hands were held out, and the long knife being fixed within the clavicle bone on the left side, was pushed down to the heart. The criminal smiled as they fixed the knife, never spoke a word, and died instantly. Thus ended this bloody and wretched business, which nothing but a stern necessity could have induced me to consent to. That they deserved death none can doubt. The rest of the prisoners, seven in number, were chained."

An invasion from the united forces of Sarebas

and Sakarran now threatened Mr. Brooke, accompanied by the agreeable intimation that Byoney, one of the leading men of the former river, had suspended a basket on a high tree, ready to receive his head, when he returned in triumph from the conquest of his country; though by no means intimidated by these idle threats, the rajah took the necessary precautions, and prepared his war-boats for active service. These preparations completed, Mr. Brooke made a few arrangements for visiting Bruné, the capital, where he believed the crews of the ships Sultan and Viscount Melbourne to be detained by the sultan, and to demand their release in person. As these proceedings, however, have been described at length in Captain Keppel's book, it will be quite unnecessary to allude to them further in the present place. There are so many important features in the present work yet to be noticed, that if we linger upon every interesting particular, we shall considerably overstep our limits. Besides the release of the prisoners, a most important object was attained by Mr. Brooke in this visit—the signature of the sultan, in due form, to the document making over to him the territory and revenues of Sarawak, which completely confirmed his power, and enabled him securely to anticipate the carrying out, to their utmost extent, the measures he had in contemplation for the extension of commerce and the benefit of civilization. A little scene illustrative of native manners is here worthy of insertion:—

"When we returned from Borneo, the sultan's letter, giving me the country, was read in public, and when finished we had a scene! Muda Hassim, who was standing, asked aloud whether any one dissented; for if they did, they were to make it known. From the public he went to individuals, and made Makota declare his assent to my domination. Muda Hassim then drew forth his sabre, and raising it, proclaimed in a loud voice, that any one who contested the sultan's appointment, his head should be split in two. On which two of his brothers drew their knives, and flourished them in Makota's face, jumping and dancing, and striking the pillar by which he sat, over his head. A motion of Makota's would have been fatal; but he kept his eye upon the ground, and stirred not. I, too, remained quiet, and cared nothing for this demonstration, for one gets accustomed to these things. It all passed off, and in ten minutes the men who had been leaping frantic about the room, with drawn weapons and inflamed countenances, were seated quiet and demure as usual, and the flames of their dangerous passions were repressed in their bosoms, whence they seldom escape without some fatal results occurring."

To extirpate piracy from the eastern seas is Mr. Brooke's principal object; and the details

upon this subject seem necessarily to occupy a considerable portion of the volumes before us. We therefore devote the remainder of this paper to these important considerations. The second volume opens with much interesting and useful information respecting various tribes in the interior, and highly graphic details, which, at every step, suffer us to obtain a deeper insight into the manners of the inhabitants of Borneo. It is scarcely possible to convey, in the brief limits of a review, any accurate idea of the valuable nature of the volumes before us. Up to the point at which we are now arrived, we have been occupied solely by the personal narrative of Mr. Brooke, and have endeavoured to convey to our readers—imperfectly, it is true—some idea of the achievements of our countrymen in Borneo. There is much yet to be told—many a brilliant undertaking to be related; but before quitting this portion of the narrative, we must make a few remarks upon the style in which the whole is written. Bold and enterprising men often accomplish many brilliant feats, and undergo peril and danger of various kinds; they display a recklessness, a hardihood, a courage, and a perseverance, which carries them triumphantly through the greatest perils; but it is seldom that we find united in the same individual all the attributes to which we have above alluded, blended with that excess of polish and refinement, that high intellectual capacity, that generous sympathy with the natives, which we discover in the Rajah of Sarawak. All the elegance which the most classical education, the most familiar acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, could give, he possesses in an eminent degree. Poetry sometimes claims his attention, and then the ambitious and ardent yearnings of his soul burst forth freely. The poetry of his soul speaks, indeed, in all his writings. It is betrayed in his intense admiration of the beauties of landscape, in his delicate choice of expression when delineating nature, and the rich enjoyment which scenery affords him, when, forgetful awhile of the cares of state, he falls back upon it, or indulges in a reverie upon the strange scenes in which he finds himself so distinguished an actor. The journals before us, both of Mr. Brooke and Captain Mundy, are clear, manly, and bold in their style, which adapts itself easily to the emergency of the hour. They relate, without pretension, their adventures, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from the facts before him.

We must now take leave of Mr. Brooke, and come to the, in their peculiar way, no less brilliant achievements of Captain Mundy. He was the companion of Mr. Brooke in many a hostile encounter, and was well fitted by nature to be

so. Ardent, enterprising, with a power of command over himself, he throws himself with enthusiasm into the performance of his duty. We observe the buoyancy of his spirit in every portion of his narrative. He awards to all their due, is never known to exaggerate or to deteriorate the merit of his companions, and displays much of the same indomitable energy which has helped to earn for Mr. Brooke so well-merited a renown. As long as these events shall continue to be spoken of at all, Captain Mundy's name cannot fail to be remembered with them. He has associated himself with Borneo, with the suppression of piracy, and the diffusion of civilization. He is fully capable of estimating the vast benefits which must inevitably accrue to the whole civilized community from the further establishment of British influence in the Indian Archipelago, as all his remarks prove. The events which he describes are possessed of a deep interest; and though they in part relate to the same period of time as Mr. Brooke's own journal, we have chosen to draw from them information of various kinds. Captain Mundy writes in a clear and vigorous style, and possesses great powers of description. His estimate of native character displays great shrewdness and power of observation. The second volume of the work before us relates to the most important events which have occurred at all during Mr. Brooke's residence in Borneo—events as important as they were disastrous; but whose effects may illustrate the truth of the old saying, that out of evil good sometimes springs.

On the New Year's Day of the year 1846, we find Mr. Brooke in the enjoyment of the best possible spirits, and looking forward with hopeful delight to the establishment of his power. In the midst of the general prosperity and increasing happiness of the tribes in the country of Sarawak, Mr. Brooke suddenly received information that a large force of Sakarran Dyaks had put to sea with seventy prahus, and not less than twelve hundred men, and were perpetrating the greatest atrocities in all the countries and rivers through which they passed, devastating villages, and carrying off men, women, and children into captivity. Captain Mundy's arrival with the *Iris* was accordingly awaited with some impatience, that he might assist Mr. Brooke to punish these desperate offenders. In the meantime, however, the news of a terrible catastrophe reached his ears, which caused him the deepest regret, and inspired him with the resolution of visiting upon the insolent sultan of Borneo the punishment he merited for the cowardly acts of which he had been guilty. The atrocity must doubtless have been long contemplated by the crafty native. He had evidently been long

jealous of the influence which the English were obtaining in Borneo, and cherished the deepest feelings of revenge against Muda Hassim, who had been the first to consent to their establishment there. Veiling his feelings under the guise of favor, Omar Ali elevated him to power, and bestowed upon him many marks of favor, and affecting to appoint him his successor, he resolved to mature the designs he had so long contemplated of cutting off the whole family. By this massacre the attached friend of Mr. Brooke, Budrudeen, was lost to him, a man who might have been of infinite service in carrying out the great designs he had in view. Brooke felt deeply on this subject, and could scarcely find words to express his horror and rage. The narrative must be introduced here, and the way in which the crime was punished will be afterwards described:—

"The four brothers were at this time living in security in various parts of the city, quite unsuspecting of any conspiracy against them, when suddenly, in the dead of the night, the homes of each of the princes, and other men of rank known to be favorable to the English policy and to the suppression of piracy, were attacked by orders from the sultan, given under the royal signet, and thirteen members of his own family, uncles, nephews, and cousins, were barbarously assassinated by this unnatural monster. Jaffer, at the moment of the attack, was in attendance on his lord, the pangeran Budrudeen, and with a few of his immediate followers, who happened to be in the house, made every exertion to repel the assailants. For some time Budrudeen fought bravely at their head; but taken completely by surprise, overpowered by numbers, and desperately wounded, he at last gave way, and retiring by the women's apartments, escaped to a distant part of the building, accompanied by his sister and by another young lady, all of whom were by this time aware, from the shouts and exclamations of the multitude, that Budrudeen was attacked by the authority of his own uncle and sovereign, whom he had so long and faithfully served. On joining his lord, Jaffer was directed to open a cask or barrel of gunpowder which was found standing in the room. This order he immediately obeyed, and waited his lord's further commands. Pangeran Budrudeen then took a ring from his finger, and calling Jaffer to his presence, placed it in his hands, with a last injunction to flee in haste to the sea, to endeavour to reach Sarawak, and to convey the ring to his friend, Mr. Brooke, as a dying memento of his esteem, and to bid Mr. Brooke not to forget him, and to lay his case and the cause of his country before the queen of England."

Muda Hassim's fate was not so accurately described. His house was surrounded by a body of forty or fifty men, and set on fire by the ruffians. In the first confusion of the onset he effected his escape to the opposite side of the

river, with several of his brothers, his wife, and children, and protected by his attendants, was enabled to defend himself for some time against his enemies. Overwhelmed at last by the number of his assailants, he was obliged to give way, and having lost all his guns, ammunition, and property, he found himself at the mercy of his enemies. Some of his brothers had been shot, others wounded, and no hope remained of safety except in the mercy of his sovereign. He sent messages to beg that his life might be spared. This boon was refused in the most peremptory manner, and death being thus inevitable, he retreated to a boat which chanced to be at the river side, and placing a quarter cask of gunpowder in the cabin, he called to his surviving brothers and sons to enter, and immediately firing the train, the whole party were blown up. Muda Hassim, however, was not killed by the explosion, but it is supposed, determined not to be taken alive, he terminated his existence by blowing out his brains with a pistol. Jaffer, the servant of Budrudeen, with much difficulty effected his retreat, and contrived to hide himself for several days in the city. At length he was discovered and brought before the sultan, who perceiving the ring on his finger, immediately took it from him, and ordered him from his presence. Jaffer then found an asylum with Muda Mohamed, the brother of Muda Hassim, who, after being desperately wounded in several places, had saved his life by flight, and been ultimately protected by the sultan, his uncle. The sultan had openly proclaimed that he had killed the rajah Muda Hassim, and the other members of the royal family, because they were the friends of the English, and were anxious to act up to the treaties, and to suppress piracy. He had also built forts, and made no secret of his determination to oppose by force any attempt to approach the capital. On the arrival of the Hazard, he had sent two pangerans down the river, under the disguise of friends, bearing Muda Hassim's flag, for the express purpose of inducing the captain to accompany them on shore, where they intended to kill him; and the people in the streets of Bruné, and in the bazaars of that city, talked loudly of cutting out any merchant vessel which might appear upon the coast. The sultan had also engaged a man to convey an order under the royal hand to Pangeran Makota, the English rajah's bitterest enemy, to remove him either by treachery or poison; or if not able to accomplish this object, to excite the people of Sarawak to drive him out of the country.

In the course of the expedition against Bruné, many attacks were made upon the pirates, but Captain Munday's, as well as Mr. Brooke's chief object was to visit punishment upon the sultan.

Accordingly, upon the morning of the 25th of June, 1846, the squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane — consisting of the *Agin-court*, 74, Captain Johnstone; *Iris*, 28, Captain Munday; *Ringdove*, 16, Commander Sir William Hoste; *Hazard*, 18, Commander Egerton; *Royalist*, 16, Lieutenant Reid; *H. M. S. Spiteful*, Commander Maitland; *H. M. C. Plegellan*, Mr. Ross — began steaming down the Sarawak, and after proceeding up the Egan and Rejang river, began to ascend the Kanowit, a river about a mile wide, where it joins the Rejang, and Egan, and gradually decreases to about three hundred and eighty-eight yards near the Kanowit village, about forty miles distant, where they were threatened with a discharge of spears and poisoned arrows, from the natives, perched in their nest overlooking the river: —

“ Our guides and pilot had hailed them from the moment of our arrival, counselling them to desist from any aggressive acts, telling them that the strangers were white men from the West, were friendly, and that the great sea lord wished to receive a visit from the chief of the tribe, who might trust himself on board in safety. But the fears of the people were too strong, and the chief not venturing to come forward, the admiral directed a white flag to be hoisted. After some little time, it was discovered that no flag of this color was in the Indian code; and as no white bunting could be found on board, I had recourse to one of my linen sheets, which was quickly held up at the fore, and its effect seemed instantaneous. In a moment, from the large verandah and from every window, strips of white cloth were hung out, and, amidst loud shouts of joy, the men rushed down the ladder, some bringing the flags with them, and others launching their canoes, pulled directly to the steamer, without apprehension.”

After sailing up and down various rivers, the squadrons sailed within a few miles of the coast towards Labuan, enjoying the prospect of magnificent scenery, and then anchored off the entrance of the river Bruné. Intelligence had been received that the sultan intended to oppose their course up the river, and accordingly details of the plan of operations to be undertaken against the city of Bruné, should he carry his hostile intentions into effect, were laid down. On nearing the city, it was observed that on the side of the enemy every preparation had been made for an attack. On rounding a point on the river, they obtained sight of four batteries erected with much judgment upon a rising ground, where the course of the stream suddenly changed a right angle. The other two batteries were flanking ones, but did not appear manned. The colours were hoisted, and the artillery-men, dressed in red, were observed standing ready for

action. The river at this point was staked across. When the enemy's fire opened, at a distance of a thousand yards, the shot, round and grape, passed through the masts over the vessel, but did not strike any one. The compliment was vigorously returned with rockets, and a discharge of guns, and our gallant countrymen soon prepared to force their way through the embrasures, which they speedily accomplished. The positions of the batteries were naturally strong, since they were erected upon a precipice about eighty or a hundred feet in height from the bank of the river; and the pathway leading to them was almost perpendicular. The enemy's flag was now captured, and a skirmish between part of the English force and the rear-guard of the artillery-men took place as they sought to escape into the jungle. The ordnance was captured, the guns spiked, the magazines and ammunition destroyed. At half past one the fighting was again resumed; showers of grape and cannister rattled upon the walls of Bruné, and soon decided the fate of the city. The enemy fled in all directions, and the noble English vessels anchoring in the broad river, abreast the large battery, a *fleur d'eau*, near the city, the marines were landed; and the sultan, his boasted army, and all the inhabitants fled the town, so that not a native was to be found in the capital. Thus fell Bruné, and thus was the perfidious sultan punished for the atrocities of which he had been guilty. An expedition in pursuit of the sultan was soon after undertaken. More batteries were captured, considerable advances were made into the interior, new villages explored, freebooting parties captured, the pirate town of Tampassuk utterly destroyed, and many other attacks made upon these destructive men, into an account of which our limits prevent us from entering more at large.

The benefits conferred upon the whole civilized world by the career of Mr. Brooke in the Eastern seas, cannot be too highly estimated. The practical effects of his exertions will be felt more and more in proportion as the number of vessels trading in those seas is multiplied. Few but those who have deeply investigated the subject, can well comprehend the systematic organization of the buccaneering hordes infesting the Eastern seas. Their numbers and power appear almost, at first, to exceed belief; and when it is well known that the navigation of that part of the world is already dangerous from the coral reefs and patches of rocks, that lawless tribes would, instead of hospitably receiving the shipwrecked mariners on their coasts, carry them into captivity, and perpetrate upon them every conceivable form of cruelty, the extirpation of piracy becomes a question of importance. Mr.

Brooke has already accomplished never-to-be-forgotten deeds in the Eastern Archipelago. It only remains for him to pursue his career unflinchingly to the end, and follow up, to their proper termination, those designs which, if suc-

cessful, will carry the blessings of civilization to those dense barbarous portions of the globe, and impress upon the minds of those untutored savages the inestimable value of the Christian religion. — *Dublin University Magazine.*

EASTERN LIFE, PRESENT AND PAST.

Eastern Life, Present and Past. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Three vols. Moxon.

There are two classes of travellers; the one who devote themselves mainly to the antiquities and arts of the countries through which they pass, such as Forsyth and Denon; the other, who set down, like Colonel Titmarsh and the author of *Eothen*, whatever memorable things they see and hear during the progress of their journeys, and make known to us the colors, shapes, and flavors of objects, just as they themselves encountered them on the road. With all proper reverence for those learned and worthy persons who investigate times past, enabling us to make acquaintance with Menes and Ramses, and to read the Phonetic character in subterranean tombs, we confess, for our own parts, that we prefer to travel with livelier guides, to look upon living men instead of mummies, and to bask in the sunshine and open air. In a word, we think that antiquities are properly subjects for a dissertation, and that a book of travels should deal with the things that are.

Miss Martineau in her three most ably-written volumes, has sought to combine the two objects, the "Present and Past;" and indeed, if the union were desirable at any time, it would be in the case of this wonderful land of Egypt, where the humble Present seems merely subservient to the mighty Past, and where it is scarcely possible to observe that which lives and breathes without doing homage to the spirit that has departed. For Time, who is said to have spared nothing, has laid only a gentle hand on Egyptian temples. To quote an ancient saying, "All things dread time; but Time dreads the Pyramids." And accordingly, as in proof of this, we see these prodigious edifices looking down upon us, as they looked down upon as wondering travellers in the days of Herodotus and Plato; not less lofty or perfect now, than when they were raised, stone by stone, by the united efforts of thousands and thousands of men, in the times of Psammeticus or Cheops.

But our duty calls us at present to modern Egypt; and we feel no reluctance in quitting statements of Herodotus, or speculations of Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, for the wayfaring narrative

of our accomplished English authoress. To that narrative we shall chiefly restrict our notice; premising merely that for such as prefer disquisition, these volumes are also filled with very earnest and thoughtful matter. The greatest questions connected with antiquity are opened up in them, and discussed with the power and freedom of an original mind. Where we can least approve the views that are taken, we are impressed by the ability of the writer, and (according to her means of judgment) by her truthfulness and candor.

Miss Martineau's style is clear and flowing, and her descriptions are exceedingly graphic. The story of her travel halts indeed too frequently, to let in the criticism or conjecture to which we have just referred, upon the antiquities of the land, or the creeds of forgotten races of men; but this defect, if such it be, is inseparable from the nature of her book. When she deigns to be familiar with us, and to relate her every-day adventures; when she tells us of her sailing down the Nile; of her journey to the Red Sea—to Sinai—to Palestine; of the purple sunsets; the morning march; the evening meal; and all the wonders which disclose themselves only to those who venture amongst the sands, and rocks, and rivers of the East, we would not desire a more agreeable companion. Not even does the author of *Eothen* give us in such painter-like detail the minute tracery of the Desert; although we admit that we are more impressed, when rising from her book, with the general effect which those blazing solitudes of sand would seem to produce upon the memory or imagination of every European traveller.

Miss Martineau commences her narrative with an account of her arrival at Alexandria, where she and her fellow travellers stay three or four days only, and then proceed, as usual, by the Mahmoudieh Canal to Cairo.

"On the twenty-fifth of November, we left Alexandria, rising by candle-light at six, and seeing the glorious morning break by the time we were dressed. Our days were now nearly eleven hours long; at the shortest, they would be ten. We were not struck, as we expected to be, by the shortness of the twilight. Instead of the immediate settling down of darkness, after

the disappearance of the sun, I found that I could read small print for half an hour after sunset, in our most southerly latitude.

"I do not remember to have read of one great atmospheric beauty of Egypt;—the after-glow, as we used to call it. I watched this nightly for ten weeks on the Nile, and often afterwards in the Desert, and was continually more impressed with the peculiarity, as well as the beauty, of this appearance. That the sunset in Egypt is gorgeous, everybody knows; but I, for one, was not aware that there is a renewal of beauty, some time after the sun has departed and left all gray. This discharge of color is here much what it is among the Alps, where the flame-colored peaks become gray and ghastly as the last sunbeam leaves them. But here every thing begins to brighten again in twenty minutes;—the hills are again purple or golden—the sands orange,—the palms verdant—the moonlight on the water, a pale green ripple on a lilac surface; and this after-glow continues for ten minutes, when it slowly fades away.

"We proceeded in an omnibus to Mahmoudieh Canal, where we went on board the boat which was to carry us to Atfeh, at the junction of the canal with the Nile. The boat was taken in tow by a smaller steamer, named by a wag 'the little Asthmatic.' We heard a good deal of her ailments,—the cracks in her boiler, and so forth; so that we hardly expected to reach Atfeh in due course.—The villas in the neighbourhood of Alexandria are pleasantly surrounded with gardens, and fenced by hedges or palings hung with the most luxuriant creepers; but the houses are of glaring white, and look dreadfully hot.—The villages on the banks are wretched-looking beyond description; the mud-huts square, or in bee-hive form; so low and clustered and earthy, that they suggest the idea of settlements of ants or beavers, rather than of human beings. Yet we were every few moments meeting boats coming down from the country with produce,—various kinds of grain and roots, in heavy cargoes. Some of these boats were plastered with mud, like the houses; and so thickly that grass grew abundantly on their sides. On the heaps of grain were squatted muffled women and naked children; naked men towed the boats,—now on the bank, and now wading in the mud; and muffled women came out of the villages to stare. To-day there seemed to be no medium between wrapping up and nakedness; but it became common up the country, to see women and girls covering their faces with great anxiety, while they had scarcely any clothing elsewhere."

After remaining at Cairo merely long enough to make their preparations for a journey to the Cataracts, they embark on the Nile; reserving their inspection of the capital of Egypt until their return.

The scenery of the Desert, where it approaches the river, had evidently, Miss Martineau observes, great influence on the minds of the

ancient Egyptians. "It plainly originated their ideas of Art," she thinks.

"The first thing that impressed me in the Nile scenery, above Cairo, was the angularity of almost all forms. The trees appeared almost the only exception. The line of the Arabian hills soon became so even as to give them the appearance of being supports of a vast table-land, while the sand heaped up at their bases was like a row of pyramids. Elsewhere, one's idea of sand-hills is that, of all round eminences, they are the roundest; but here their form is generally that of truncated pyramids. The entrances of the caverns are square. The masses of sand left by the Nile are square. The river banks are graduated by the action of the water, so that one may see a hundred natural Nilometers in as many miles. Then, again, the forms of the rocks, especially the limestone ranges, are remarkably grotesque. In a few days, I saw, without looking for them, so many colossal figures of men and animals springing from the natural rock, so many sphinxes and strange birds, that I was quite prepared for any thing I afterwards met with in the temples."

The same thought enters into the following passage, in which Miss Martineau eloquently vindicates the beauty and grandeur of the old Egyptian works. She is now in view of the ruins of El-Uksur (Luxor).

"I find here in my journal the remark which occurs oftener than any other; that no preconception can be formed of these places. I know that it is useless to repeat it here; for I meet everywhere at home people who think, as I did before I went, that between books, plates, and the stiff and peculiar character of Egyptian architecture and sculpture, Egyptian art may be almost as well known and conceived of in England as on the spot. I can only testify, without hope of being believed, that it is not so; that instead of ugliness, I found beauty; instead of the grotesque, I found the solemn; and where I looked for rudeness, from the primitive character of Art, I found the sense of the soul more effectually reached than by works which are the result of centuries of experience and experiment. The mystery of this fact sets one thinking, laboriously; I may say, painfully. Egypt is not the country to go to for the recreation of travel. It is too suggestive and too confounding to be met but in the spirit of study. One's powers of observation sink under the perpetual exercise of thought; and the lightest-hearted voyager, who sets forth from Cairo eager for new scenes and days of frolic, comes back an antique, a citizen of the world of six thousand years ago, kindred with the mummy. Nothing but large knowledge and sound habits of thought can save him from returning perplexed and borne down; unless indeed it be ignorance and levity. A man who goes to shoot crocodiles and flog Arabs, and eat ostrich's eggs, looks upon the monuments as so many strange old stone-heaps, and comes back

'bored to death with the Nile;' as we were told we should be. He turns back from Thebes, or from the First Cataract; — perhaps without having even seen the Cataract, when within a mile of it, as in a case I know; and he pays his crew to work night and day, to get back to Cairo as fast as possible. He may return gay and unworn; and so may the true philosopher, to whom no tidings of Man in any age come amiss; who has no prejudices to be painfully weaned from, and an imagination too strong to be overwhelmed by mystery, and the rush of a host of new ideas. But for all between these two extremes of levity and wisdom, a Nile voyage is as serious a labor as the mind and spirits can be involved in; a trial even to health and temper such as is little dreamed of on leaving home. The labor and care are well bestowed, however, for the thoughtful traveller can hardly fail of returning from Egypt a wiser, and therefore a better man."

It should be observed that during her journey to the Cataracts, Miss Martineau relates simply the occurrences of each day, and the impressions made upon her mind, from time to time, by the various points of view — the monuments, the villages, the rocks, and the adjoining desert where it approaches the river — and by the people whom she encounters in her way. The investigation of the various tombs and ruins is made as the party return towards Cairo. It is on her route upwards, however, that she is smitten by the beautiful Philæ, and duly impressed by that famous old Osirian oath, — "By HIM who sleeps in Philæ!" — which has always appeared to us to exceed all others in solemnity and grandeur. She arrives at the sacred island in the evening, and records her first impressions in the following charming passage:

"At last, about seven o'clock, we sat our feet on the Holy Island, and felt one great object of our journey accomplished. What a moment it was, just before, when we saw Philæ, as we came round the point, — saw the crowd of temples looming in the mellow twilight! And what a moment it was now, when we trod the soil, as sacred to wise old races of men as Mecca now to the Mohammedan, or Jerusalem to the Christian; the huge propyla, the sculptured walls, the colonnades, the hypæthral temple all standing, in full majesty, under a flood of moonlight! The most sacred of ancient oaths was in my mind all the while, as if breathed into me from without; — the awful oath "By Him who sleeps in Philæ." Here, surrounded by the imperishable Nile, sleeping to the everlasting music of its distant Cataract, and watched over by his Isis, whose temple seems made to stand for ever, was the beneficent Osiris believed to lie. There are many Holy Islands scattered about the seas of the world: the very name is sweet to all ears: but no one has been so long and so deeply sacred as this. The waters all round were, this night, very still; and the more suggestive were they of

the olden age when they afforded a path for the processions of grateful worshippers, who came from various parts of the mainland, with their lamps, and their harps, and their gifts, to return thanks for the harvests which had sprung and ripened at the bidding of the god. One could see them coming in their boats, there where the last western light gleamed on the river: one could see them land at the steps at the end of the colonnade: and one could imagine this great group of temples lighted up till the prominent sculpture of the walls looked almost as bright and real as the moving forms of the actual offerers. — But the silence and desertion of the place soon made themselves felt. Our footsteps on the loose stones, and our voices in an occasional question, and the flapping wings of the birds whom we disturbed, were the only sounds."

* We did not intend to have made any extracts from those parts of the present work which relate to the antiquities of Egypt, so much having been already written on the subject. There is always, however, a new way of looking at even the oldest objects, and the reader will, we believe, thank us for deviating from our resolution in the present instance. The travellers are now on their return from Nubia, and are contemplating the temples at Kôm Umboo.

"When I was in the portico, looking up at the architraves, I saw into another ancient secret, which I should have been sorry to have overlooked. Some of the paintings were half-finished; and their ground was still covered with the intersecting red lines by which the artists secured their proportions. These guiding lines were meant to have been effaced as soon as the outlines were completed; yet here they are at the end of, at least, two thousand years! No hand, however light, has touched them, through all the intervening generations of men: — no rains have washed them out, during all the changing seasons that have passed over them: — no damp has moulded them: — no curiosity has meddled with them. It is as if the artist had lain for his siesta, with his tools beside his hand, and would be up presently to resume his work: yet that artist has been a mummy, lying somewhere in the heart of the neighboring hills, ever since the time when our island was bristling with forests, and its inhabitants were dressed in skins, and dyed their bodies blue with woad, to look terrible in battle."

On her return to Cairo Miss Martineau sees the usual sights. She delights in Cairo itself and its "bewitching streets" — admires the mosques — visits to Hareems (which she does *not* admire) — is present when the pilgrims return from Mekkeh (Mecca) — witnesses the failures of the famous Magician (which seem to exceed his successes), attributing his success, when it occurs, to mesmerism — and moralizes (generally very agreeably, and with much thoughtfulness and originality) on all that comes before her.

ground the encampment looked beautiful, — the green and white tents, and the camels lying round them, diminished almost to dots, and the smoke from the fires of the Arabs rising like blue waving threads."

* * * * *

"At four o'clock in the morning, or earlier, Alee brought a light into our tent. Our tin basins had been filled the night before, and a pitcher of water and tin cups placed on the table. I always slept in what is called Levinge's bag, — an inexpressible comfort. Without it, I believe I should scarcely have slept at all; but, as it was, I lay down every night, absolutely secure from insects of every kind. The flies might hang in clusters, like bees, on the tent pole; the beetles might run over the floor, and the earwigs hide themselves under the counterpane, and fleas skip among the camel furniture; in my bag, — under its wide airy canopy, I was safe from them all, and from all fancies about them. It did not take me above five minutes in the day to put up and take down my canopy; — a small price to pay for comfort and good sleep. As soon as we opened our tent door, while I was taking down my bag, and the gimlets which, screwed into the tent poles, served us for pegs to hang our things on, Alee carried out our table and its tressles and the camp-stools, and Abasis laid the cloth for our open-air breakfast. We sat down to it at five or soon after, when the stars were growing pale, and the translucent dawn began to shine behind the eastern ridges, or perhaps to disclose the sheeny sea. — While we were at our meal, we saw one after another of the other four parties come forth from their tents, and sit down to table; — the two bachelor companions being always the last. They were generally sitting down just when I was walking off in advance, with my courbash (hide whip) and bag, — containing map, book, note-book, goggles and fan. By this time the tents were down, in due succession; the camels were groaning and snarling, and the Arabs loading them, — with an occasional quarrel and fight for variety. — Having learned from Alee or the Sheikh which way I was to go, I wandered forth; and many a glorious view I had of the sunshine breaking in among the mountain fissures, while the busy and noisy camp yet lay in deep shadow below. One by one the company would mount and follow, or Mr. W. with his book, and Mr. E. with his chibouque, would set forth on foot. In a line, or in pairs or groups, the camels, with their riders, would step out slowly; and then the two lively young ladies, Miss K. and Miss C., would rouse theirs to a fast trot, and pass us all by. When the sunshine reached me, or I had walked enough for the present, I put on my goggles, pulled my broad-brimmed hat over my eyes, and signed to my watchful camel driver. Then, down went the beast on its knees, and my driver set his foot on its neck while I sprang on, and settled myself with my stirrup and between my cushions, and stowed my comforts about me. When I had firm hold of the peg before and the peg behind, the creature was allowed to rise,

and I sustained its three jerks, — two forward and one backward, — as well as I could.

"At eleven o'clock, Abasis rode up with his tin lunch-box, to supply each of us with bread, cold fowl, or a hard egg, and a precious orange. Or, as oftener happened, we looked out at that time for some shadow from a chance shrub, or in a rocky nook, where we might sit down to luncheon, while the baggage camels went forward. That we might not be too far separated, we were not at first allowed more than twenty minutes for this rest. — It was a pretty sight, — the scattering about of the company among the patches and nooks of shade.

"After three o'clock, the sheikh and drago-men began to look about, to choose our abiding place for the night. Where the sheikh points, or stands, or plants his spear, there it is to be. Then, as the camels arrive, they kneel down and release their riders. This was the time of day when I found the heat most oppressive; — in the half hour between arriving and taking possession of the tent. Within the tent too, it was often scarcely endurable till after dinner, though we looped up the sides, to obtain what air could be had. While the tent was preparing, I generally tried to sleep for a few minutes, on the sand or some neighbouring rock. — It required about half an hour to put up and furnish our tent. It was hard work to rear it, fix the poles, and drive in the pegs. Then Alee turned over every large stone within it, to dislodge scorpions, or other such enemies. This done, and the floor a little smoothed, he brought in the iron bedsteads and bedding, and the saddle-bags which held our clothes. Next came the mats; — two pretty mats, brought from Nubia, which covered the greater part of the floor. Then the table was placed in the middle, and four camp stools were brought; and basins of water, and a pitcher and cup. Mrs. Y. and I might now dress and refresh ourselves, while Alee and Abasis put up the other two tents."

In that portion of the book which treats of "Palestine and its Faith," there are passages which we think injudicious in such a book, and ill adapted to the circle of readers it is likely to include. We wish they had been omitted altogether; but we can honestly thank Miss Martineau for unusual pleasure and an abundance of striking and suggestive thoughts imparted by her Eastern travel. — *Examiner*.

CONQUERED AND CONQUEROR. — The hospitals of a conquered army generally exhibit a scene of great moral depression, and many of the soldiers die from wounds which did not appear to be of a dangerous character; whilst in the hospitals of the victorious the wounded not only recover from frightful injuries, but even in the midst of the most severe bodily suffering they exhibit gaiety and cheerfulness, entertaining the most perfect confidence in their recovery.

— *Medical Times*.

From Cairo to the Red Sea — Suez — Mount Sinai — Petra — through Palestine (taking of course Jerusalem and all other remarkable places in their way) — to Damascus — and Baalbec — our travellers proceed. Finally they cross the Lebanon, and embark at Beirout on their voyage home.

As some of our lady readers may enjoy a peep into a Hareem, we must make room for a short passage, descriptive of one at Cairo.

"A party of eunuchs stood before a faded curtain, which they held aside when the gentlemen of our party and the dragoman had gone forward. Retired some way behind the curtain stood, in a half circle, eight or ten slave girls, in an attitude of deep obeisance. Two of them then took charge of each of us, holding us by the arms above the elbows, to help us up stairs. — After crossing a lobby at the top of the stairs, we entered a handsome apartment, where lay the chief wife, at that time an invalid. — The ceiling was gaily painted; and so were the walls, — the latter with curiously bad attempts at domestic perspective. There were four handsome mirrors; and the curtains in the doorway were of a beautiful shawl fabric, fringed and tasselled. A Turkey carpet not only covered the whole floor, but was turned up at the corners. Deewáns extended round nearly the whole room, — a lower one for ordinary use, and a high one for the seat of honor. The windows, which had a sufficient fence of blinds, looked upon a pretty garden, where I saw orange trees and many others, and the fences were hung with rich creepers.

"On cushions on the floor lay the the chief lady, ill and miserably looking. She rose as we entered; but we made her lie down again: and she was then covered with a silk counterpane. Her dress was, as we saw when she rose, loose trousers of blue striped cotton under her black silk jacket: and the same blue cotton appeared at the wrists, under her black sleeves. Her head-dress was of black net, bunched out curiously behind. Her hair was braided down the sides of this headdress behind, and the ends were pinned over her forehead. Some of the black net was brought round her face, and under the chin, showing the outline of a face which had no beauty in it, nor traces of former beauty, but which was interesting to-day from her manifest illness and unhappiness. There was a strong expression of waywardness and peevishness about the mouth, however. She wore two bandsome diamond rings; and she and one other lady had watches and gold chains. She complained of her head; and her left hand was bound up: she made signs by pressing her hosom, and imitating the dandling of a baby, which, with her occasional tears, persuaded my companions that she had met with some accident and had lost her infant. On leaving the hareem, we found that it was not a child of her own that she was mourning, but that of a white girl in the hareem; and that the wife's illness was wholly from grief for the loss of this baby;

a curious illustration of the feelings and manners of the place!"

We had marked for extract some passages in the second volume, which show how the wives of Orientals enjoy themselves in their retreats at Damascus, but we cannot afford space for them, without sacrificing Miss Martineau's account of her travelling through the desert, which is necessary to convey to the reader a sample of this (not the least striking) part of her book.

The Desert is not monotonous, as many of us occidentals suppose, but has its varieties of hill and dale, rock and sand like other places, differing only in character, whilst its gorgeous skies at sunset, and its large clear-eyed piercing stars at night, are such as are nowhere else to be met with. The following extract will show at once the aspect of the Desert, and the mode of passing the day during a journey there:

"We were surprised at the variety of the scenery, this first day; but we were not long in learning that there is endless variety in Desert travelling. To-day we saw wide valleys of hard gravel, narrow defiles, water-courses tufted with low tamarisks and dwarf thorny acacia, traces of pools left by former torrents, yellow slopes and mounds, dark and abrupt hills, and limestone eminences, embrowned with the soil, sometimes lofty enough to be called in Egypt mountains. The Djebel Rhaiboon is a black hill rising from amidst white sands; and I was struck by the streaky character of some of the soil, on emerging from the White Valley upon the Wadee Beda — resembling cloud-shadows so exactly that it surprised me to see that there was not a cloud in the sky. — The White Valley is a fine winding defile, overhung by steep and imposing hills; — the very place for an assault from the Bedouens, if our troop had been less strong.

"We stopped this afternoon in the midst of undulating pebbly ground, where our tents were fixed, to our great satisfaction, further apart than at Bissateen, allowing us more liberty and domestic convenience than when we were all so huddled together that conversation was overheard from tent to tent, and we could not stir out without stumbling over tent ropes. Of all the variety of ground on which we encamped during these weeks, we liked the pebbly soil the best. Hard sand was convenient; but there black beetles abound. Soft sand has usually large stones strewn upon it, under which scorpions and other reptiles hide. Of course rock will not do, as the tent pegs cannot be driven in. Short grass, on which we often encamped in Palestine, is pleasant; but then there are earwigs and ants. The prettiest perhaps was at Petra, where lilies were growing under my bed: but, on the whole, there is nothing like smooth pebbles, — our floor on this first night. — On the Thursday, we encamped in the midst of a very wide valley, or plain, where hills rose in the east, purple in the sunset. From a distant rising

"In the quantity of food consumed by its population, France averages double the quantity of wheat and double the quantity of sugar consumed by the population of the absolutely governed states: in France 361 pounds of wheat, and 6 to 74 1-4 pounds of sugar are consumed per head. In the United Kingdom 336 pounds, (and, taking only Great Britain, 446 pounds per head of wheat,) and 19 pounds of sugar, are consumed.

"During 1847, 68,000,000*l.* have been raised in France. The revenue of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, whose subjects are still more severely taxed, in proportion to their ability to pay, is collectively 48,000,000*l.* The United Kingdom levies only 50 millions of taxes; but as its income is computed at 550 millions, and that of France at 320 millions of pounds sterling, it is obvious that Great Britain could, without greater pressure raise double the present revenue of France. [It should have been stated, however, that many subjects of local or special taxation in England are in France discharged by the government: were every thing brought to a comparative account, it would be found, we think, that England pays the most.]

"It is also worthy of remark, that in Russia more than a third of the whole revenue is derived from the brandy farms; which, when the low price at which it is sold, the profits of the brandy farmers, and the produce of illicit distillation are taken into account, suppose the consumption of a prodigious quantity of ardent spirits.

"If we turn next to Prussia, attempted to be imposed on us as a specimen of model administration, we find twenty-four pints of distilled liquor the share of each individual; whilst in Ireland, the land of whisky, the average—nine before Father Matthew's reign—is since only about seven; and in the United Kingdom, including London with its gin palaces, something under six and a half. If we draw a line through Europe, separating the Western and constitutional from the absolutely governed states of the Centre and of the East, we shall find that our British exports to Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, and France, notwithstanding the illiberal tariffs of France and Spain, average three shillings for each individual, whilst for Central and Eastern Europe only one shilling and eight pence.

"To the Russian empire our exports are eightpence and a fraction for each inhabitant."

Louis Philippe is painted badly enough, from first to last. The author tells the scandalous story of his reputed illegitimacy, with a leaning in its favor; and in his preface he asserts his disbelief of the alleged narrow circumstances of the dethroned Monarch.

"Louis Philippe now represents himself as almost penniless. It was so notoriously his custom, when the wealthiest individual in the world, to speak of himself as in embarrassed circumstances, that he was popularly called in derision the '*pauvre pere de famille*.' He has now a substantial motive for pleading poverty, in the hope of recovering, without deductions too absorbing, his sequestered property from the pity of the French people; a motive the writer would have respected if there had not been strong grounds for believing that the hoarded wealth he has placed in safety, is being employed to embroil this country with France.

"Under these circumstances the following facts, recalled to the attention of the reader, will show what credit is due to the simulated poverty of the royal exile.

"A few days before the Revolution broke out, the New York papers, then in England, announced that purchases to the total amount of one million dollars had been effected for Louis Philippe in that city.

"Armand Marrast has notoriously of late discovered upwards of 20,000*l.* annuities invested in the French Funds, under an assumed name, by Louis Philippe. Is it to be believed that the Ex-King's foresight extended no further?"

The author considers the late Revolution favorable to the prospects of peace with France. Louis Philippe's government had brought the financial condition of the country to so distressed a state, and induced such universal disgust among the people, that, however unwilling the King himself might have been to plunge into the uncertainties of war, no other resource would in reality have been left him to divert attention from home affairs. The prospect from the Republic is only a chance of war; with Louis Philippe it was a certainty. — *Spectator*.

STATE PROSECUTIONS.

The "state prosecutions" have closed, after two minor failures, in the conviction of John Mitchel under the recent statute. This is unquestionably a momentous result; for had justice, in his case, been defeated, it is difficult to calculate the vastness of the possible, and even probable, consequences. Two prosecutions had already been frustrated under circumstances

most painfully and impressively illustrative of the social condition of this country. Had a third, and incomparably the most momentous, in like manner failed, it would have been difficult to combat the conclusion, that the entire of that arm of the law which visits *political* offences was paralyzed in Ireland. Had Mr. Mitchel escaped, it would, indeed, have been appallingly

COMPARATIVE SKETCHES OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Having exhausted Russia and the Slavonic races, with a glance at Austria and Germany, the Author of *Revelations of Russia* takes up France and England, to consider their "contrasts and analogies." The book was written, he informs us, before the late Revolution in France, which he claims the merit of predicting; and certainly he (and not he alone) dimly foreshadowed changes in that country. As, however, the work depends upon observations extended over a long period, or broad statistical views long since accessible, there is nothing to have prevented the composition of these rhetorical volumes within the present year; only in such case the author would doubtless have predicted more specifically.

The title of the work does not convey a very distinct idea of its contents, or the objects of the writer; which objects, indeed, are various and independent enough, if we judge by what is done. One purpose is to show, by a broad statistical survey of civilized countries, that the well-being of the community at large — of the people — depends upon their political freedom; that men live longer, live better, consume more varied produce, have more money, and (with the exception of the United States) pay more taxes, in proportion to the constitutional character of their government and their influence over it. Another object is to urge that the advancement of Europe depends upon the good understanding of England and France; as each country in its respective way sets an example to the European world, and both are able by their mere will to control the despotic powers. Some half dozen chapters are devoted to the more direct resemblances or contrasts of France and England in their material power, national characteristics, social condition, and ideas of politics and government; which expositions are followed by a disquisition on the effect of institutions upon a country and of the reacting influence of race. The remainder of the book is of a less disquisitional kind, consisting for the most part of personal sketches or comments upon contemporary public events. There is a survey of the life and character of Louis Philippe, — pressing hard enough upon the Citizen King: a chapter giving an account of the Spanish marriages, professing to furnish secret information, but really containing little that is fresh, though deriving some novelty from the dramatic form into which it is thrown. The sketches of the parties and politicians of France is a paper attractive for its subject; dealing with the circumstances that

conducted to the late Revolution, and the characters of the men who influenced it, or were affected by it, for misfortune or advantage.

The characteristics of the writer are such as they appeared in *Eastern Europe*: there is the same rather imaginative breadth of view, the same full and rotund but somewhat verbose state-paper style; a similar attempt at exhibiting the philosophy of history and politics; with great cleverness in the use of statistics. The book is hardly so attractive as its predecessor; and part of this may arise from the more hacknied nature of France and French politics and politicians at present. Ever since the Spanish marriages, certainly, perhaps since the Syrian war and the affair of Pritchard, a good deal of not very favorable attention has been paid to Louis Philippe and his government. Its corruption has been pointed out, the selfishness of the Monarch touched upon, the leading men of France exhibited in periodical literature; and though the extent of the corruption or of the selfishness and still more of the national dissatisfaction were not apprehended till the result, yet the subject is now deficient in that novelty which characterized the author's views on the despotisms and peoples of Middle and Eastern Europe. Hence he may have been tempted to elaborate the philosophy of the topics too much, especially as the manner of his philosophy is not very taking in itself, belonging as it does to the extreme rhetorical school.

Notwithstanding the author's rather boastful enumeration of his opportunities of seeing France and mixing with Frenchmen, we think the statistical parts of the work better than the living descriptions. The facts in the following summary may not be accurate in their arithmetic, but the general conclusion is independent of precise accuracy, and is remarkable.

"France exceeds in most things all the great European powers combined; but when we contrast France with Great Britain, we find her as far behind Great Britain as she is in advance of other Continental states.

"Thus, France exceeds the three powers in the extent of her trade. Great Britain in her commerce doubles France.

"France doubles the three powers in the extent of her navy. Great Britain more than trebles France.

"In the extent of its middle class, France exceeds the Continent: France has 1,164,000 subjects enjoying an income above 21*l.* Great Britain has more than two millions and a quarter enjoying upwards of 40*l.* annually.

plain that no extravagance of seditious language, no audacity or truculence of treasonable design or incentive, could any longer, in Ireland, be made amenable to the existing laws; and that either the constitution which juries refused to administer, must have been superseded by the temporary rigors of a despotism, or else unpunished sedition have been permitted to ripen and increase in insolence and organization, until some hideous outbreak, provoking the direst retaliations of military severity, should have terminated the feverish *interregnum*, and extinguished the hopes of treason amidst the blood and smoke of desolation. Thank God, an alternative so gloomy has not been forced upon the country, and that the righteous penalty of the law, honestly administered, has, in crushing one public offender, saved, perhaps, the lives and fortunes of innocent thousands.

The failure in the comparatively insignificant cases of Messrs. O'Brien and Meagher—comparatively insignificant alike in relation to the importance of the traversers themselves, and to the severity of the penalty sought to be enforced—is more than compensated by the complete vindication of the law in the verdict against Mr. Mitchel. Every thinking man who has watched the history of the Irish agitation for the last six months, must perceive in this John Mitchel, not merely the ringleader, but the creator of the entire revolutionary system here, at least in its present armed and threatening attitude.

We treat John Mitchel as the leader of this insurrectionary movement in Ireland, for such he unquestionably was. The peculiar attitude of his party—the perils they threaten, and the perils in which they stand, are all *his* work. He was, so far as the public have yet the materials for judging, the only formidable man among them. It is impossible to read his speeches and writings, and not to be impressed with the striking evidences everywhere apparent, of that impetuous abandonment of self, which characterizes the genuine fanatic. He was full to overflowing of his malign inspiration. The one idea, the one aspiration engaged his head and heart. He was thoroughly in earnest, and consequently really dangerous. In juxtaposition with such a man, the mere vulgar, histrionic agitator looks the “walking shadow” that he is. Mitchel wrote and spoke irrespectively of display; he gave us no pompous metaphors, no affected quaintness, no vapid parodies upon the style of “Sartor Resartus.” He seems to have been equally destitute of vanity, and of fear. Ireland republicanized and communized was his engrossing idea; he saw nothing else, cared for nothing else—it had transfixed his vision; and without regarding either natural or artificial obstacles, pitfalls or

quagmires, social barriers or legal chasms, he pushed on doggedly toward his purpose. He was no favorite with the ostensible leaders of his party; he had renounced the *Nation*, and turned his back upon the Confederates, because, notwithstanding their cant about “earnest men,” perennially longing for that which, in modern Irish history, though always approaching, never arrives, “the occasion” for drawing the sword, and all the rest of their warlike fustian, he clearly discerned in them and their system a mere reproduction, with a few melo-dramatic accessories, of the coarse old sham of Conciliation Hall. He became a seceder, if not an outcast, set up on his own account; and the *United Irishmen*, together with rifle clubs, drilling, and thirty thousand pikes, were the results. Mitchel, even though he stood alone, was resolved to follow out the principle professed by the Confederation to its logical conclusion. Disentangled from his associates, he was instantly in advance of them all; and they found themselves reduced to the bitter necessity of either surrendering into his hands the revolutionary lead, or keeping abreast of him in a march of no visionary danger. He alone was resolved to press forward—a strong-willed, one-ideaed, desperate man: and the rest were all hurried on, like flies, in the rush of his career.

In Mitchel the sedition has lost its motive power, its real chief—one dreaded and hated infinitely more by the sham leaders of the movement (whom he was remorselessly forcing into a literal fulfilment of their bombastic promises,) than ever he was by the most hypochondriac friend of tranquillity. We therefore look upon *his* conviction (independently of the stern example involved in his severer punishment) as incomparably more momentous than that of any fifty of his associates. Among those with whom the public is as yet acquainted, there is no man to take his place. Others, as yet unknown, indeed, there possibly—nay (judging from some indications we have seen) even *probably* may be—*élèves* of his austere and reckless school—who are willing and able to fill the vacant post, and prepared to devote themselves to civil extinction with the same stoical fanaticism. And while we are upon this theme, we must needs remark, that had the government, instead of trifling with this novel and serious agitation at first, instead of permitting it, week after week and month after month, to proceed, for a quarter of a year, undisturbed in its dangerous and abominable propagandism—covering a real indecision and trepidation with what we are forced to term an hypocrisy of contemptuous indifference—if, instead of this procrastination and duplicity, the government had exhibited even ordi-

nary promptitude and vigor, the first number of the *United Irishman* would have been prosecuted — in the then state of the public mind, a verdict certainly procured — and, perhaps, one year's imprisonment would have expiated the guilty frenzy of the convicted journalist, and effectually checked this sanguinary agitation. This dilatory policy has made a FELON of John Mitchel, and is distinctly chargeable, not only with the fate of this victim, but of the dozens of other victims who are too probably to follow in his wake.

We find in the course of these trials some very startling social, as well as political, phenomena. Irish trial by jury for political offences, has always been a very precarious process. But in the dissensions of the two special juries respectively sworn in Mr. Meagher's and Mr. O'Brien's cases, there is so much that is instructive, that it were improper, in any discussion of these proceedings, however brief or hurried, to omit to notice their history. The subject has, indeed, been brought before the notice of the House of Commons in one of its aspects, by Mr. Keogh, and some curious ministerial lights elicited in the collisions of debate. The facts are soon told.

In striking the special juries in Mr. Meagher's case, out of twelve Roman Catholics who attended, the crown set aside eleven. In forming the jury for the subsequent, and more important trial of Mr. Mitchel, the proceedings of the crown were still more marked and instructive. The panel consisted of one hundred and fifty names; of these, one hundred and ten were called, and seventy-one answered. From this number, fifty-five of whom were Protestants, and sixteen Roman Catholics, the jury was formed. The Roman Catholic attorney-general, reviving a prerogative which ever since Sir Michael O'Loughlin filled that office in Ireland, had been, as we believe, most unwisely abandoned by the crown, peremptorily challenged thirty-nine, and in the number thus set aside was included every individual Roman Catholic who was called — amounting, in all, to sixteen persons. This was the act, not of Mr. Kemmis, nor of any other subordinate, but of the Roman Catholic attorney-general himself — the legal organ of the Irish government. The government, therefore, must themselves bear the undivided odium (unjust as we believe it to be) of this necessary, but startling procedure — and they must also acquiesce in all the consequences logically deducible from the great social admission it involves. We quite agree with Lord John Russell, that it would be preposterous to accuse a Whig government, and a Roman Catholic attorney-general, of setting aside Roman Catholic jurors, merely on account of their religion. We cannot gainsay his

Lordship's boast, to the effect that his partialities are all precisely in the opposite direction. The principle on which the attorney-general founded his instructions to Mr. Kemmis, and upon which, of course, in the exercise of the crown prerogative, he himself acted, we shall state from his own lips — "The only instruction that was given was this," observed the attorney-general, in stating the case against Mr. Mitchel — "Obtain an honest, fair, and impartial jury. Any man who, from your information, you believe not to be a man who will give an impartial verdict between the crown and the subject, that man, and that man alone — without reference to his religion — you are to exclude from the panel." This is a satisfactory vindication of the government, but how does it affect the character of her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, by, through, and for whom, for nearly twenty years, this country has been governed? It so happens that, acting upon this constitutional principle of selection, every single Roman Catholic (with the exception of three, to whom we shall presently have to allude) who presented himself as a juror upon these prosecutions, was made to stand aside by the crown. The crown officers, in removing from the jury those whom, in the words of the attorney-general in the same case, "they had reason to know *concurred and coincided in the politics of the prisoner,*" happened also, by a strange coincidence (with the exception already mentioned), to exclude *every individual Roman Catholic* who was called. But there *were* exceptions. Three Roman Catholics were permitted to serve — two upon the special jury who tried Mr. O'Brien, and one upon that who tried Mr. Meagher. In both these cases the juries unfortunately *disagreed*, and, upon sifting the matter, it was ascertained, that *the only two Roman Catholics* upon Mr. O'Brien's jury, happened to be also *the only two dissentients* from a verdict of guilty, agreed to by the other ten jurors. Precisely similar, too, was the result in Mr. Meagher's case. *One dissentient* there frustrated a verdict of guilty, agreed upon by eleven jurors, and by a like coincidence it turns out, that that one dissentient was also the *one Roman Catholic* in the jury-box.

The inference from all this is inevitable, aided as it is by the fact, that the *common* jury who afterwards tried Mr. Mitchel, although composed of men of every shade of political opinion, yet *not* containing a single Roman Catholic, *did* find a verdict for the crown. Do those facts indicate the respective loyalty and disaffection of the Protestant and Roman Catholic population of Ireland: and do they also illustrate the weakness, the duplicity, and the guilt of that policy which has, for nearly twenty years, systematically weakened and discouraged the former,

while it meanly flattered and formidably aggrandized the latter. Here we have upon record the practical admission of the Whigs, and of their Roman Catholic attorney-general — one from which, we trust, they shall never be suffered to escape — that the supremacy of British law in this country is actually maintained by and depends upon, the loyalty of Irish PROTESTANTS. We shall not dispute about terms; they may call it a “curious coincidence,” or even an *unaccountable* one, if they will, but a FACT it nevertheless unquestionably is — a fact practically admitted, beyond the power of retractation, by the government themselves, and patent in the contrasted results of the two first and of the last of these three important prosecutions.

To the heavy responsibilities of the government, not only in connexion with the individual fate of John Mitchel, but also in reference to the existing state of Ireland, we must once more allude. To the cowardly deference to Roman Catholic disaffection, which has so uniformly characterized the Whigs, is attributable that policy of procrastination which has ended in making Mitchel a felon, his wife bereaved, and his children fatherless — all rather than enforce *at once*

the milder law of sedition, to which four months since the now ruined convict was amenable — and this is mercy! To this dilatory policy is also attributable the alarming fact that the doctrines of revolution have gradually acquired a footing and created a school in Ireland, to an extent which threatens a repetition of many such stern and melancholy scenes as that which has closed the turbulent career of John Mitchel, and the possibility, too, of far more awful consequences in perspective. “I shall say no more (were the last words of Mitchel, while standing in the dock) than that all through this business, from the first, I have acted under a strong sense of duty, and that I will not repent of anything I have done. I do believe the course I have opened is only commenced. The Roman saw his hand burning into ashes, and could promise for three hundred who were ready to follow his example. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three——” Here the court interrupted him, and he was removed. But Mitchel has not promised, we venture to predict, in vain. He has had an uninterrupted mission of four months, and leaves, too probably, many disciples behind him.

— *Dublin University Magazine.*

COLLECTANEA.

QUEENS AND THEIR LETTERS.

The *Revue Retrospective* continues to lay bare the secrets of the royal houses of England and France, and we rejoice to find Queen Victoria continue to deserve the praise we bestowed upon her first appearance as an authoress. We do not mean to say that she will ever be a Lady Mary Wortley Montagu of a scribe, but there is one line in her letter, as we shall presently show, deserving of great praise.

The last number of the *Revue* contains a letter from Louis Philippe, July 28, 1804, to the Bishop of Landaff, on the assassination — the word is justifiable, though Hazlitt in his “History of Napoleon” strangely defends the deed — of the young Duc d’Enghien, in the trenches at Vincennes; also a letter from Admiral Dupetit Thouars, the French admiral at Tahiti. These epistles, however, present nothing new.

We now give the close of the correspondence between the (then) Queens of France and of Great Britain: —

“TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

“Madam, — Confident in that great friendship of which your Majesty has given us so many proofs, and in the amiable interest which you have always shown to all our children, I hasten

to announce to you the conclusion of the marriage of our son Montpensier with the Infanta Louisa Fernanda. This family event overpowers us with joy, because I hope that it will insure the happiness of our dear son, and that we will find in the Infanta a new daughter as good and as amiable as the elder ones, and who will add to our internal happiness, the only true happiness in this world, and which you, Madam, know so well how to appreciate. I ask of you, in anticipation, your friendship for our new child, feeling sure that you will partake all the sentiments of devotion and of affection which we all feel for you, for Prince Albert, and for all your dear family. — I am, Madam, your Majesty’s entirely devoted servant and friend,

MARIE-AMELIE.”

This letter reads to us very like one written to order — written to please an intriguing father and husband, not an intriguer, however, as respects any infringement of his marriage vow, but unquestionably the good and loving husband of a very excellent wife. It appears constrained. It is not like the outpouring of a kindly old lady, such an one as Cowper, had he lived now, might have described the ex-Queen of the French —

“By long experience well informed,
Well read, well temper’d, with religion warm’d.”

It is so far a begging letter that it seems to be soliciting a favorable answer, with no great hopes of obtaining it. Queen Victoria replied:—

"TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.

"Osborne, Sept. 10, 1846.

"Madam, — I have just received your Majesty's letter, of the 8th of this month, and I hasten to thank you for it. You will remember, perhaps, what happened at Eu between the King and me. You know the importance which I have always attached to the maintenance of our cordial understanding, and the zeal with which I have laboured in it. You have learned without doubt that we refused to arrange the marriage between the Queen of Spain and our cousin Leopold (which the two Queens were very anxious for), with the sole object of not departing from a course which might be more agreeable to the King, although we could not consider that course as the best. You can then easily comprehend that the sudden announcement of the double marriage could cause us nothing but surprise and very deep regret. I ask pardon, Madam, for speaking to you at the present moment about politics, but I am glad to be able to say to myself that I have been always sincere with you. Begging you to present my respects to the King, I am, Madam, your Majesty's very devoted sister and friend,

"VICTORIA R."

It will be at once seen what words we commended at the outset:—"I am glad to be able to say to myself that I have been always sincere with you." What a rebuke! Not to Marie Amelie, but to Louis Philippe, callous as he may be or may have been: "*I have been always sincere with you.*" He could not reciprocate.

FERTILITY OF MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

"Facility"—doomed by the epithet *fatal*—has been too largely confounded with "feebleness." Now, in music at least, this is a huge and untenable fallacy. Dangerous though it seem to afford encouragement to idleness, to presumption, to invention by chance, to a spirit of money-making cupidity, the perpetuation of falsehood is yet more dangerous; and there are few falsehoods more complete than the reproach conveyed in the above assertions. With very few exceptions, all the great musical composers have been fertile when once taught, and capable of writing with as much rapidity as ease. Bach, Handel (whose 'Israel' was completed in three weeks), Haydn (more of whose compositions are lost than live), Mozart—all men remarkable as *discoverers* and renowned as classics—held the pens of ready writers. Rossini's 'Il Barbiere,' again, which has now kept the stage for two-and-thirty years, was the work of thirteen days—

the *insouciant* being spurred to his utmost by a disparaging letter from Paisiello, who had already set Beaumarchais' comedy. It was the empty connoisseur, who thought to gain reputation by declaring that "the picture would have been better painted if the painter had taken more trouble." Nor will it ever be forgotten that the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' the masterpiece of Walter Scott (whose defence of fertility, *apropos* of Dryden, might have been quoted as germane to the matter), was thrown off when the novelist was hardly conscious of what he wrote, owing to racking bodily pain. Those, we believe, on whom the gift of fertility has been bestowed, run some danger of becoming "nothing if not fertile." Their minds are impulsive rather than thoughtful—their fancies strengthened by the very process and passion of pouring them forth. In the case of Donizetti, at least, it is obvious that his invention was, year by year, becoming fresher with incessant use and practice.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

THE PARADE AT VIENNA DURING THE CONGRESS.

So long as the weather was fine the Bastion was the favorite haunt: there were to be seen the Emperor Alexander and Prince Eugene Beauharnais walking arm in arm; Prince Metternich and the Duke of Coburg, the handsomest men of their day; while Lord and Lady Castlereagh walked about in the bright sunshine, dressed as if for a masquerade, and utterly unconscious that they were the observed of all observers. . . . On the Bastion were likewise to be seen the Archduke Charles, who, although he did not command in the last war, was still covered with glory; the brave, chivalrous, liberal-minded Prince William of Prussia; the Crown Prince of Würtemberg, distinguished by his military achievements, generally walking with Stein; the Crown Prince of Bavaria—too early snatched from this world—with Field Marshal von Wrede, the victor at Hanau; the Grand Duke of Baden, young, pale, ill-looking upon, and marked out, as it were, for sacrifice; the Duchess de Sagan with her sisters; the Count and Countess Bernstorff, the latter one of the first beauties of the Congress; Counts Capo d'Istria and Pozzo di Borgo; Cardinal Consalvi walking with Bartholdy, who pointed out to him the various personages and their business; the young Marquis de Custine and the Count de Noailles; the Grand Duke of Weimar, even there the most affable of princes, full of intellectual activity and kindly feeling:—but any attempt at further description were vain. To

sum up in a few words, all Vienna and the whole Congress were to be seen pushing their way through the crowd. The Bastion might be called a diplomatic Bourse; and indeed affairs were there much discussed: it was observed, however, that neither Gentz nor Humboldt were ever seen there. — *Varnhagen Von Ense.*

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SNAIL GARDENS.

On this curious subject the following paper has been translated for us from the "Leipsic Illustrated Newspaper":—

In Vorarlberg, the collecting and rearing of the large garden snails, which are so injurious to vegetation, forms a peculiar branch of agricultural industry, and amounts even to no inconsiderable trade. Whole cargoes of these snails are sent from Arlberg to the South Tyrol, where they are consumed as dainties. The mode of procedure in collecting and feeding them is as follows:—In various parts of Vorarlberg, from the beginning of June till the middle of August, the snails, which, as is well known, seek their nourishment at this season in damp places, and creep about gardens, hedges, coppices, and woods, are collected by boys and girls, and carried to the feeding-places, which are commonly in the neighbourhood of the dwellings of the owners. These snail gardens have usually an extent of from one to three hundred square fathoms of dry garden ground, are quite divested of trees and shrubs, and are surrounded on all sides by a stream of running water. The stream, at its exit, is made to pass through a wooden grating, in order to prevent such of the snails as happen to fall into the water from being washed away. The grating is examined once or twice a-day, generally morning and evening, and the snails found there are replaced in the interior of the garden; this is necessary, as they would otherwise collect into too large quantities, and would become weak and sickly by remaining long in the water. In the interior of the garden, little heaps of pine twigs, generally of the mountain pine, mixed loosely with wood moss, are placed on every two or three square fathoms, for the purpose of protecting the snails from cold, and especially from the scorching rays of the sun. When the pine twigs become dry, and lose their leaves, they are replaced by fresh ones.

Every day, and particularly in damp weather, the snails are fed with the kinds of grass found most suitable for them, and with cabbage leaves. In harvest, at the return of cold weather, they go under cover—that is, they collect under the heaps of twigs, and bury themselves, if the ground under these has been previously dried, two or

three inches below the surface, and there they seal themselves up for the winter: when this is completely accomplished, they are collected, packed in suitably perforated boxes lined with straw, and sent off.

Careful foddering, and a good harvest season, are essential to the thriving of the snails; and even in spite of this a great many are lost. Wood snails are larger and more savoury, but are more subject to casualties. In each garden there are generally fed from 15,000 to 40,000, and these are sold at about three florins per 1000. This manner of making use of the snails is of double advantage—freeing, on the one hand, fields and gardens from burdensome guests; and affording on the other, to those so employing themselves, a considerable source of profit. — *Chambers' Miscellany.*

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

Under this head has appeared a series of able papers in the *Ballinasloe Western Star*. We give the following clever allegorical sketch from the last number:—"Phelim O'Tool was going to market one day with oysters, and he thought to himself 'sitting's as cheap as standing;' so up he gets on the car, and lies on his back till he falls asleep; presently up goes the car against a big stone lying in the centre of the road—knocks off the wheel, and tumbles out the poor man and his oysters into the muddy road. Who should come by, and Phelim picking up the oysters, but Mr. Bull, and he began to pity the poor man; and says he, 'Mr. O'Tool, you should exert yourself, and walk by the side of your car, instead of going to sleep on it, and then that would n't happen to you.' 'That's true,' says Phelim, 'and I'll mind myself for the future.' With that Mr. Bull helps him to pick up the oysters, and pities him very much for losing the market; so he hands him over a sack of meal to assist him, and after advising him for his good trots on away before him. Well, in about another half hour up comes Mr. O'Dun, of Scrape Hall, and says he, 'Hallo, Mr. O'Tool, what has happened to you?' So Phelim tells him all the story. Well, Mr. O'Dun gets up in a mighty passion, and says he, 'Are you such an *omadhaun*, Mr. O'Tool, as to be humbugged in this kind of way? Sure it's Mr. Bull that ought to be driving you about, and selling your oysters for you,' says he, 'and not your father's son—a descendant of the great O'Tools.' 'Faith, so I think myself,' says Phelim; 'but then Mr. Bull was so kind—I thought his advice was the best.' 'You'll drive me mad, O'Tool,' says he, 'talking about his kindness—didn't I see him myself come quietly and take the linch-pin out of the car while you were asleep, and then he

pretends to pity you.' 'But here's the meal,' says Phelim. 'Throw his meal to the pigs, the dirty scoundrel,' says Mr. O'Dun, 'and let's drive after him, and pelt him well with oyster shells,' says he. 'But sure there's oysters in them,' says Phelim. 'Never mind,' says O'Dun, 'I'll eat the oysters while you throw the shells at him.' And so the poor man pelted away all his shells, while Mr. O'Dun was opening them and eating the oysters."

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

TREATISE ON THE FALSIFICATIONS OF FOOD, and the Chemical Means employed to Detect them, &c. By JOHN MITCHELL, M. C. S., Author of "Manual of Practical Assaying."

It is nearly thirty years since Mr. Accum alarmed the timid by exhibiting how much of poison lurks in the pot. Since that time chemistry has made great advances in detecting adulteration by tests; but, unhappily, the other side has been equally active, and the rogues have been as successful as the honest men in the pursuit of science—sometimes a shade more. Hence, Mr. Mitchell thinks the time has come when there is room for a fresher view of the various adulterations practised in corrupting our food, with the tests to detect them. The *Treatise on the Falsifications of Food* carries out this object; and in a startling way. The elements of death and disorder enter our mouths do what we will. Wine, spirits, beer, cider, are all corrupted; and many unlucky mortals have the discredit of "a drop too much last night," when the disorder is owing, not to wine, but to the "compound" of the wine-merchant. Yet "taking the pledge" is no escape. Tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, milk, are all adulterated; even total abstinence is not safe with water. The rain is corrupted by being conveyed along leaden gutters and pipes, or received into leaden cisterns; and a terrible story is told of leaden pumps, operating upon those "whose drink was water from the spring." The condiments and pickles with which we tempt our palates, the very soap with which we clean our skin, are not what they seem. How these things are done, and the public with them, may be read in Mr. Mitchell's treatise, as well as the modes by which such roguery may be detected, by those who like to question the pedigree of a dish.

POLITICAL APHORISMS, MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON. Collected from upwards of eighty original works, by CTE. ATE. G. DE LIANCOURT. Edited by JAMES ALEXANDER MANNING, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

A selection of the remarks of Napoleon on all sorts of subjects, made by the Count De Lian-

court, and translated by Mr. Manning; the original being printed on an opposite page. The translation occasionally generalizes the point of the original into an equivocal meaning or a very safe truism; but the collection in the French is not so striking as might have been expected from the reputation of Napoleon, and the force and point of some of his sayings. Part of this may arise from the remark being separated from the occasion; but something is to be allowed for the fact that a man succeeds best in his own business. Whatever may be the case with "political aphorisms," "moral and philosophical thoughts" are turned out in the best style by moral philosophers.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ENGLAND.

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